

The Revolution.

THE TRUE REPUBLIC.—MEN, THEIR RIGHTS AND NOTHING MORE: WOMEN, THEIR RIGHTS AND NOTHING LESS.

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The Revolution.

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Poetry.

THE THREE KISSES.

I HAVE three kisses in my life,
So sweet and sacred unto me
That now till death dews rest on them
My lips shall kissless be.

One kiss was given in childhood's hour
By one who never gave another,
In life and death I still shall feel
That last kiss of my mother.

The second burned my lips for years,
For years my wild heart reeled in bliss
At every memory of the hour
When my lips felt young Love's first kiss.

The last kiss of the sacred three,
Had all the woe which ere can move
The heart of woman—it was pressed
Upon the dead lips of my love.

When lips have felt the dying kiss,
And felt the kiss of burning love,
And kissed the dead—then never more
In kissing should they think to move.

MRS. E. B. BROWNING.

DEEDS, NOT WORDS.

Nor forever on thy knees,
Would Jehovah thee have found;
There are burdens thou canst ease,
There are griefs Jehovah sees;
Look around.

Work is prayer if done for God,
Prayer which God delighted hears.
See beside yon upturned sod
One bowed 'neath affliction's rod;
Dry her tears.

Not long prayers, but earnest zeal;
This is what is wanted more.
Put thy shoulder to the wheel;
Bread unto the famished deal
From thy store.

Not high sounding words of praise
Does God want 'neath some high dome.
But that thou the fallen raise;
Bring the poor from life's highways
To thy home.

Worship God by doing good;
Help the suffering in their needs.
He who loves God as he should
Makes his heart's love understood
By kind deeds.

Deeds are powerful, words are weak,
Battering at high Heaven's door.
Let thy love by actions speak;

Wipe the tear from sorrow's cheek;
Clothe the poor.

Be it thine life's cares to smother,
And so brighten eyes now dim.
Kind deeds done to one another,
God accepts as done, my brother,
Unto Him.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1870, by Alice Cary, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

The Born Thrall.

BY ALICE CARY.

CHAPTER XVI.

RACHEL'S STORY (CONTINUED.)

"WELL, when the young girl was nearly sixteen—the story went on—she was called beautiful, and though she was not foolishly proud of her good looks, she had, of course, her own little vanity, and, on the approach of a holiday in summer, the desire to have a white dress with pink ribbons in which to dance took possession of her. What, with lost time, and lost pay, she could not save enough from her ordinary wages to buy this rustic finery, and many were the harmless devices she framed in order to procure it. At last she conceived the idea of picking and selling berries, which she could do after the day's work was done, and thus obtain the ornaments she so much coveted.

In due time, this plan was put in execution. One day it happened that she set out with her basket of berries under more than unusually discouraging circumstances, and ill luck went with her from place to place. Some persons said they had no money, others that they could pick their own berries, while others again shut the door in her face, and told her she had better be at home at work like an honest girl—that they didn't encourage peddlers of any sort.

Such insults were hard to bear; and though she knew in her heart that she was working like an honest girl, she could not keep up her courage, nor prevent the tingle of shame that rose to her cheeks.

The sun scorched her shrinking face and shoulders, and the very plantains that were commonly so cool to her bare feet, lay hot and wilted flat against the ground. The blood oozed from her arms and hands where the briars had scratched them, and they ached with the burden of her basket, and her heart ached, with its heavier, though unseen burden. She became at last so tired, so sick of all she was, or ever could hope to be, that, forgetting dress, ribbons, and all that belongs to holidays, she sat down in the shadow of a great oak that grew by the road-side—not so much to rest, as because she had no courage to go on. All around her was serene and cheerful—quiet homesteads with blue smoke curling over them, and vanishing away in a sleepy haze; the yellow gleam of harvests—the white-sleeved

mowers and reapers—the road, rising and falling along the hills—grey barns, and heavy-topped orchards, and glimpses of hedge-rows—these were among the things that she partly saw, and partly felt.

The children were at work in the neighboring hay-fields, and at play in the door yards, and their merry voices and laughter seemed to her, as she sat there alone, insolent almost. She was so hungry in her soul, and in her heart, and there was nobody in all the world to say to her that she was anything to them!

The tears filled her eyes, and she half wished the ground would open beneath her, and that she might rest in the shadow of the great oak tree for ever.

But gradually the quiet of the scene stole over her—the noisy talk of the hay-makers became fainter and fainter, and the laughter of the children did not mock her any more, her head slipped from the trunk of the tree, against which it had leaned, and rested on a grassy knoll, and directly, sleep, that good comforter of the poor, came to her, and in her dream she was as gay and as glad as the best of them.

When she awoke, the sun was almost down—a bank of orange, topped with streaks of scarlet, lay along the west—the mowers, with scythes over their shoulders, were going home; the farmer's boy was calling to his cows, and whistling between calls; and the birds were twittering their last little sleepy songs.

As she raised herself from the grass, something cold and bright slid down from her bare neck into her lap. What could it be? Surprise and joy made her doubt her own eyesight at first—she must be still dreaming. She stood up on her feet and looked about her; no, she was not dreaming, but wide awake, and there, glittering in the grass, were three bright pieces of gold—the same that had slid from her neck to her lap; she took them up in her hand, but they did not melt—they were real gold dollars. She hastily tied on her bonnet, and stooped to take up her basket, but no basket was there—the berries were gone—and the money had been left instead. She had hardly ever in her life so much at one time, and her first thought was of the white dress and pink ribbon, but these were forgotten almost immediately in a feeling of wonder and curiosity. Could some good fairy have brought her this treasure? She had heard of such things. But while she turned over in her mind this childish conjecture, she began to discover signs of having had a mortal visitor during her sleep, signs which her bewilderment had at first prevented her from seeing. A few yards from the oak under which she had been dreaming grew a young sycamore tree, thrifty to luxuriance, and with the grass beneath and about it, clean and deep and beautiful as it could be; or so the grass had been when she sat down—now it was trampled, beaten, and pawed over; and some of the leaves were browsed from the tender branches of the tree, and others twisted and broken off.

A horse had been fastened there—he must

have had a rider—her benefactor had been only a man after all. However, her disappointment was not very sad, and became indeed anything but sad, when she saw, lying on the grass near by, a white cambric handkerchief, which she found to bear the initial letters of a name she knew right well—that of one of the handsomest young men of the neighborhood. In fact, no fairy's gift could have made her happier than she was, as she sat on the grass smoothing the handkerchief across her lap, but in a dream, that was more a dream than she had ever had in a sleep.

The whole world was suddenly changed to her, it was as if everything had been made anew, all was so fresh, so beautiful; she seemed to tread on air as she went along. She had carefully hidden the handkerchief in her bosom; but she was a long way from the oak tree before she remembered that she had left the money behind.

She went back; to go back or go on was alike easy now, and there in the grass at the foot of the great oak glittered the three precious pieces.

"I know," said Tressy, "where there is a big oak tree growing by the road-side, with a tall young sycamore a few yards from it."

"Do you," said Rachel, eagerly, adding, almost immediately, in calmer tones, "but there are a great many oak trees, you know, and the one under which this poor girl sat, can't possibly have been any one that you ever saw! O no, that tree is a great way from this neighborhood."

"It was not likely," Theresa replied, "that she should have seen the tree, but what Rachel had said made her think of one she had often noticed."

"O no, you don't know the tree, nor the person who sat under it," answered Rachel, "and you mustn't think its anybody you ever saw, or heard of."

"I know I must not," said Theresa, "and I don't, but what did you—I mean, what did the girl do with the handkerchief? and did she ever see the owner of it?"

"Yes, that is what I was about to tell you."

"Well, what came of it? did they fall in love, and were they married?"

"Poor child," said Rachel, speaking low, as one speaks of death—"the rest of the story is very, very sad. I don't know how to tell it, or to make you understand it, if I should; it was all like a strange dream after that—the new dress and ribbon were bought; and the silly girl wore them as she had hoped, and danced with the owner of the handkerchief, which was a great deal more than she had hoped. As I said before, she had her own little vanity, and it was fed that day to her heart's content. Everyone called her so gay and pretty; but the praise which was dearest of all, was what she should not have listened to, nor believed; but she did listen, and did believe."

The young man was handsome—above the girl in fortune, and position; and pride perhaps helped to complete what vanity began; at any rate, she learned to believe in him, to trust him; to love him, in short, and that means everything I could say.

I hardly know how it was, but he overruled her will with his, so that it was just as if she had no will; and even when she felt in her heart that he was wrong, it was all one, as if he had been right.

Thought of him—love for him, colored everything; the days that used to be so long and

dreary, became all at once short and happy; the work that used to be a task, was now only a pastime. As she went about the house, she might be heard singing; and daily, when the shadows began to lengthen toward the sunset, she was sure to be found sitting on the porch, with sewing, or knitting work—her hair combed smooth, and her dress as fresh and bright as her best care could make it. And it was not to listen to the birds, and not to look at the meadows that she sat there. It was because the porch overlooked the highway, and because the young man would be sure to ride along. Sometimes, not often, he would stop and chat a little while. Sometimes he would toss her a flower, and sometimes only smile and nod; but even though it were no more than this, she was contented, happy, till the approach of the hour when she might hope to see him again.

One time it happened that she met him, as at evening she crossed the fields to bring home the cows, they walked and talked together. I don't know what they said; such sweet trifles, I suppose, as young people, who are fond of each other, are likely to say; but what they said does not matter, for it was, after all, what was said without words that made the interview so delightful.

It was not long before it happened that they met again, and after that came another and another chance meeting—at any rate, they were chance meetings so far as the girl knew or suspected—and with each successive one the lover grew bolder, and the girl less vigilant; and so at length the last barrier was down, and the gap that led straight to her heart open and undefended.

They found a bower under the tangled boughs or rather a bower made by wild vines weaving the boughs together, and dragging them down to the green velvet of a turf that was thick set with flowers—scarlet and saffron—and with violets as small and tender as the drops of dew; all about the place there were peace and sweetness, and the bright glancing of wings. And at first the girl would not go within the bower, for when she had parted the branches, she said: "The light will not go in with us," and shy and half afraid, she turned away. "Not so," urged the lover—for he was her proclaimed lover now—"If my pretty one will but go in, she with herself will light up all the place, and we shall have no need of sun."

Thus persuaded by his words, and yet more potently by the arm that encircled her, she entered the bower, but alas, the light would not go in with her, neither did she, with herself, make it light as the lover had promised.

The day lingered in the west, and the rose shaded to purple, and the purple to brown and grey; and then the moon came and looked down with reproachful face; but the time of parting must come, and it did come at last. "And you will come to-morrow?" and the little hands were held so tenderly, and the eyes that looked down were so eloquent in their pleading.

"No, not to-morrow!"

"Then the next day?"

"No, nor then."

"The day following? that will be to eternity!"

"Perhaps; though the *perhaps* ought to be no."

"You break my heart with *perhaps* and *ought*. Love never talks that way—but you will come, and my heart will be whole again."

See the flowers hear your promise, and all their tops are dancing in their stems."

"I did not promise."

"But you will! you do! Two days and the Paradise—let me sleep out this great gap of time!"

But why should I repeat all this, such controversy has but one ending. And they parted with the distinct promise and agreement to meet again; and after that, what at first was accident, or seemed to be so, became habitual; and no meeting took place without a kiss, and no parting without many kisses.

Such a secret is not likely to be a secret very long, and their's was not; discovery was of course followed by open scandal; and of course all the condemnation and disgrace fell upon the woman.

Old friends treated her coldly or cruelly to show her how much better they themselves were; and not one friendly voice warned her in what peril she stood. If there had been but one such voice she might have listened, and been saved. But harsh words would do no good, taunts and sneers could not avail to help her—they who warned most loudly did not love her—that was the trouble—she felt that, only that, and the very truth they urged so ungraciously was the same as a lie. He was rich, proud, handsome, and she was a poor work girl. He would soon tire of her, and cast her off, and rightly enough she would be served if she would be so wicked and so wilful. A gay, reckless fellow was not going to reform all at once, and what was more, not going to marry the like of her if he should; she was a little simpleton to trust him, and that was the very best that was said for her. Why, he could have, for the asking, the daughter of any rich man of the neighborhood, any day; and was it likely he would take her in preference. No, it was not likely; she, for her part, had better stick to her distaff; and if she must have a husband, look for one among her equals! and if she would not receive this good counsel she must go where she would fare better.

She did not receive this good counsel—it seemed to her that she could not receive it; and so went from house to house, and from place to place, treated in all alike with distrust or contempt, until she could get no place at all. Her pride was stung into obstinacy, her vanity was humbled, and asserted itself all the more for the humiliation; and as her heart hardened towards others, it softened toward her lover till he could do with it what he would.

The old meetings were only more secret, not less frequent, not less confidential; and as the days went and came, their feet wandered further and further across the dangerous borders of forbidden ground.

For a time these meetings were altogether happy, and as they walked or sat in the moonlight, he would sing love-songs, which he filled so full of himself that it seemed as if he had made them. All the bright hair and eyes he sung of meant her's—every window light he watched at night was her's, and every rose he praised was she, for he filled everything with her and himself. If he put a flower to his lips she felt that he was kissing her, and blushed.

But I must not linger over these happy days; enough to say they did not, and could not last.

The lover grew moody, seemed preoccupied, and sometimes for an hour together would hardly speak.

"My little Puritan can afford to pardon me," he would say—"she is not dependent on whis-

pers and songs, and such like nothings for her delights!"

And now the warnings that had at first been so disregarded began to make themselves heard; and this time there was a terror in them that had not been in them before. They were not true—that was not possible—but then they were frightful, so frightful to the friendless young girl! and stepped she never so lightly, they began to come up about her in echoes out of the very ground. What could it all mean? and where should she go for disenchantment, but back to her lover! She went at last, and with red, angry cheeks, and glowing, defiant eyes told him all that was said of him. To her consternation, to her terror and despair, he made no denial. The flowers he used to break so carefully for her, he tore carelessly to pieces now, and sowed them about the ground. He was sorry his little wild bird had not been earlier startled into chirping out this news—not for his sake, oh no! but for her's, he might by his confirmation of it have put her on her guard!

"But it is *not true*! You do not mean that? you cannot mean that?"

"Just that, my dear."

"A jest, a cruel jest—pray do not repeat it!"

Then he said it was not a jest—would to heaven it were! It was true, all true—that was the pity of it. He would be honest for once, and tell her plainly that he was worse than his worst enemy proclaimed him. He would not try to make himself appear better than he was, he would advise her (if he could be so disinterested) to believe all she heard against him and more. It would certainly be the wisest and most prudent course for herself."

Then, perhaps, perceiving that his words had struck home like so many death stabs—perhaps—but I know not what moved him, at any rate, he softened his tone and proceeded, as he alone were the injured party.

"He had hoped," he said, taking one of the cold, helpless hands that had fallen among his torn and scattered flower-leaves—hoped to find—hoped he had found one who would not see his faults, even when they were shown to her—such a one he needed to strengthen him, to help him to do better—one who would love him, not because others loved and honored him, but because they did not.

Poor unworthy sinner as he was, he was not yet lost to every good feeling. God knew his heart, he loved her sincerely. She must save him, or he was lost, for if she would not, it was all one with him whether he was praised or blamed.

He could not understand how the cold calculations of prudence could outweigh affection, or indeed have anything to do with it, but he perhaps was wrong—he certainly was, if his little Puritan thought him wrong, for to disagree with her was always to doubt himself. And yet, after all, his love for her was not measured by her beauty, nor her virtues, divine as they both were; and no matter how much she might bring upon herself the world's condemnation, that could not, by one single jot, alter his affections. No, no, he must indeed cling to her all the more closely for the world's alienation.

Many times over, something like this scene was enacted between them, but somehow, in spite of all the man's admissions and self accusations, he would continue always in the end to make himself appear not only the more injured, but also the truer and nobler of the two. And so the poor girl, humbled and rebuked, would hide her head in his bosom, and weep out her penitence and her shame. She

only felt that to lose him was to lose all, and clung to her reed, with the desperation of one who must else go down. She only knew that she loved him, and she would not, could not think whither she was going, nor to what end. And when he kissed her, told her she was forgiven—though Heaven knows he had nothing to forgive—she felt such inward peace and joy as nothing else could have given her. And yet she began to look forward to their meetings with something akin to dread. In what mood should she find her lover? for it was no longer certain. Sometimes he would call himself the most unfortunate of men, and wish Heaven had created him without a girl's foolish heart in his bosom; one that must needs take the impression of all the pretty faces he met.

The old tender epithets began to be omitted, and he would say, calling the girl by her poor, plain name, that it would have been better for her if she had never seen him. And while he said so, he somehow conveyed the impression, that it would have been better if he had never seen her.

When they separated one night, he simply gave his hand; he had always till then given a kiss, and exacted the promise that it should be returned at the next meeting.

"Is this all?" and the hand given so coldly was clasped very warmly.

"O, I forgot," and then he stooped and kissed the upturned forehead very lightly, almost carelessly. The shadows of premonition began to thicken now, and sure enough, the next appointment was not kept, and when an interview did come about he talked gaily of *flirtations*, keeping all the while far away from the solemn facts of the case. He had been off fishing and shooting, and had had, in fact, more demands upon his time than he could name.

He was sorry the girl had wasted any tears or even any thoughts upon him—distrust was not worthy of her sweet nature. And then he talked of his evil stars, and said it was to be regretted that she had not followed the advice of her friends, and the inclinations of her own heart, and left him to his fate long ago!

(To be continued.)

A. DUMAS, JR., ON WOMAN'S EQUALITY.

Translated for THE REVOLUTION from *Le Droits des Femmes*, by MRS. IDA FRANCES LEGGETT.

MR. A. DUMAS'S son is prefacing his work, "*L'ami des Femmes, Woman's Friend*." Mr. Alfred Wolf has already made some extracts in his article in the *Figaro*. As these fragments touch upon the cause we defend and have so much at heart, it is our duty to say something about them. . . . Mr. Dumas's son has, perhaps justly, so much confidence in himself that he imagines his power extends to all things, all beings. He does not doubt but that, thanks to a paragraph from his pen, he will stop instantaneously the present movement in favor of *Woman*. Happily Mr. Dumas's son is only a man—hence his word is not a dogma. Like all other mortals, he can only advance opinions, and we may add, his are not based upon anything serious; his affirmations, although most solemnly set down, are nevertheless open to contradiction and discussion. In his preface Mr. Dumas's son declares that woman "can no more be *emancipated* than she can be *remade*, that her duties have been established from her beginning (origin) as have been man's." Where in truth has he studied history? Where has

he found that any particle of human combinations and human judgments have from the beginning been established in a manner *fixed* and *absolute*? What then is progress, if not a modification, a continual annulling of opinions, institutions and laws? Why, since the beginning of the world we scrutinize, we examine, we criticise beliefs and dogmas. We study incessantly man's constitution; we make and we remake his conditions, civil and political; we go back to the origin of his rights; reason never wearies in her researches; she herself proclaims that she is not infallible; she recants what she once decided; consults nature, of which she avows having but a limited knowledge. But when the question of woman's subjection is agitated, one would be led to suppose that on this point, reason jumped at the truth at the first bounce, and had from this edict never vacillated in the least. What nonsense! And who are judges in this affair? Why those whose interest it is to keep woman in subjection. Woman's inferiority has *not* been *proved*, as this inferiority is artificial, imposed upon her by the refusal of proper instruction. Whenever favorable circumstances have enabled women to display their faculties, they have proved their power, intellect, often taking rank among the brilliant and sound, shining as stars even in the exercising of functions considered the most opposite to their characters and tastes—politics for instance.

Now, then, capacity put aside, let us consider the question on its true ground. The reformation we ask is neither an eccentricity nor an utopian idea. It is a logical consequence, the necessary unfolding of a fundamental, undeniable, unaccusable principal, accepted everywhere, viz.: *justice*, which we want to be more universal, not confined to half of the human race, but following the onward course of progression, extend itself to woman also. If Mr. Dumas's son, Wolf and Co. are of opinion that the enfranchisement of slaves, the emancipation of nations, equality of the human race, are legally evolutions contrary to reason and truth; if they deem it absurd that a dwarf in physique and brains should have the same rights as the strong man of intellect; that an ordinary mental has the same anatomical as the high minded; if they judge these absurdities then may they ridicule us; if not, they have no substantial argument upon which to oppose the emancipation of women; and in the opposing of it, contradict themselves, or else they must prove that woman is not a human being; that she has neither honor nor a discernment of good and evil; consequently is unfit to enjoy the rights given to all men without exception. Here we would object that tribunals acknowledge woman's equality when question of condemnation is considered. In a certain passage Mr. Dumas's son speaks of the libertine, but does not take up the cause of the prostitute. It is not because there are *idlers* and *little brains* that there are libertines. Financial men, politicians, statesmen, who are active and occupied, find ample time to patronize these "*Daughters of the sun*," a *S Aristophanes* termed them, giving them beautiful country-seats, city houses and the most brilliant equipages. The truth is this, so long as subordination, by closing all avenues, prevents woman, with a very few exceptions, from earning a livelihood by her talents, merit, or work, circumstances may force her into immorality. The husband is unfaithful, the wife falls back upon a *lover*. This is as clear as that two and two make four. The first essential to the maintenance of the dig-

nity of mankind is the power of sustaining one's self.

The advocates of this great reform question are confined neither to a certain doctrine nor a certain sect, workmen, manufacturers, wise men, editors, ministers. The celebrated Stuart Mill, Hon. J. Bright in the English Parliament, and hosts of others. Already in England have women the power to elect municipal councillors.

MARIA DERAISMES.

DOT AND I.—WOMAN IN THE LYCEUM.

NO. VII.

Am! now you think of an educated and refined woman, upon an eastern lyceum platform, charming by her eminently lady-like manners, tasteful dress, pleasant voice and piquant essays the fastidious gentlemen who shun the presence of most female orators, from dread of encountering one of those fearful creatures who are said to "stride, scold and gesticulate." Woman in the lyceum of the western frontier is a different thing, but woman still.

Last Thursday evening, there were nineteen women present at the meeting of the lyceum, held in the log school-house, three miles from here. Grace was one of them, for the question of Woman Suffrage was up for discussion, and she was especially invited and appointed among the disputants—the first time a woman has been honored with such an appointment. I was invited also, with an offer of two horses and a sleigh to carry me there and bring me safely home again. But on Dot's account I could not think of it for a moment. Only with their aunt Grace, or with their father (still absent) would I leave the children, and it was better every way, that Grace should go than that I should. I would as soon administer poison in some other shape as to take my little ones into a crowd on a winter evening. Regular sleep is best for everybody, and it seems to me one of the inalienable rights of children. But—will you believe it? five of the nineteen women present were mothers, having little babes with them, some younger than Dot! Every one of those five women, I believe, opposes Woman Suffrage, firmly believing that "Home is woman's sphere!"

O consistency! One of those same women sometimes leaves four children under twelve years of age at home alone, half a mile from neighbors, while she takes the baby and goes with her husband in the evening to "religious meetings." This woman's husband assures me that if women ever do "get to vote," he knows that his "woman" never will go to an election. We shall see.

But the lyceum—it was gotten up by the young folks, and its President and Secretary are pupils of the district school. People of all ages take part in it, for evening entertainments are scarce in this country. Everybody was awake to hear something on the "live question" of Woman's Rights, and the little school-house has never been so crowded on any occasion as it was that night. Three judges were appointed as usual. This time one man and two women, and the women both voted in the affirmative (for Woman's Suffrage) against the man's judgment. The arguments on the negative, as usual, took the form of prophecy of evil sure to befall the family and general society, in case the ballot should be given to women. Of course the Bible was made a stumbling block.

Grace made her "maiden speech." It is the proper thing now to tell how she was dressed, but I shall not attempt it, for I can employ none of the usual terms—"en train," "decollete corsage," "a la Pompadour," and so forth. To tell the truth, Grace and I are such heatbens that we don't know what all those things mean. Nor can the French dictionary nor Webster's unabridged give us a very clear idea. Here is a field for missionary labor. I tried to do an elder sister's duty by Grace. I labored with her, less than an hour, to convince her that her arguments would not have the least weight with the "honorable judges," or with any gentlemen present, if she did not wear a more womanly garb than is her wont. She laughed as though she thought me joking. I told her she must remember every minute that she was a woman, and whatever she said or did, be sure that everything was done in the most approved womanly fashion, for the popular notion seems to be that womanliness is a thing that cannot be trusted to take care of itself, while a woman simply tries, in the way that comes most natural to her, to keep the great commandment upon which "hang all the law and the prophets." It was of no use, and I had to confess to myself as I saw the brave girl setting out on her walk of three miles through the snow, that she not only looked very sensible in her short broadcloth dress (just four inches below her knees), and with her "trowsers" (cut much like the "peg-tops," which the incorrigible girl declares are the most comfortable and truly artistic coverings for the lower limbs on ordinary occasions) laced for the walk inside her bal-moral boots—but she really looked very sweet and womanly! There was no necessity for the "school-master" to take down the rail-fence (as he did) for Grace to pass in, when he escorted her to the house where she was to spend the night after the Lyceum debate. It must have been pure chivalry, for Grace can climb fences as easily as he. And Grace in that dress! And he opposed to her on the question of Woman Suffrage! Perhaps, after all, when we "get to vote" all the gentlemen will not oblige all the ladies to stand while they sit in crowded public places, though some men seem to entertain fears of such results.

Well, the debate held till after eleven o'clock, and no one felt then that it was over. It is to be continued at a future meeting. Grace passed the night sleeping on the floor with a fair young heiress of the great Trinity Church property, who lives near the school-house, while I did what I could for the cause by lying awake with Dot on one side and Birdie on the other. I had written an essay (by invitation) giving as plainly and concisely as I could an affirmative argument for Woman Suffrage, and this was read by a young girl who is called "the best reader in school."

I was interested to see the question which is now working through the whole human circulation breaking out in this spot. In it all, I see the same Divine promise of Equality and Brotherhood which has been apparent in all the history of the race, appearing sometimes in one shape and sometimes in another, and glowing in this movement for the freedom of woman more radiantly than ever before. I should like to see how it all comes out, not Woman Suffrage simply, but the wonderful human story of which that is but a single chapter.

FAITH ROCHESTER.

PEACE flourishes where reason rules.

AN OLD WORKER AND HIS WORK.

THE following from a venerable and untiring worker in the cause of reform is published here for a purpose beyond what the writer intended. Young recruits in the army of progress do not know that New England, the Middle and the Western states on this side the Mississippi river were won over to the cause of Anti-Slavery by long years of far more wearying and vexatious labors and disappointments than our friend reveals in his letter, not to speak of riots, mobs, and even murders, which more than once marked the period as a "Martyr Age." The faithful and persevering efforts of Mr. Goff to secure Mrs. Stanton a hearing, will recall to many an Anti-Slavery worker's recollection, lecturers and others, the scenes of twenty and thirty years ago, when slave-holding was the sin of the south, and fugitive slave-hunting and slave-catching were the blasting shame and damning disgrace of the north. But to our letter:

P. P.

CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA, 9th April, 1870.

DEAR REVOLUTION: Mrs Stanton has had some recent unpleasant experiences in her lecturing tour in this state. The cause and circumstances of which, so far as I have been connected with and cognizant of them, may be of some interest.

Mr. Gerrit Smith Stanton, in his letter to his sister (see REVOLUTION, page 169), expresses the leading cause of opposition to his mother's "free course" in her efforts to enlighten the people. Politicians of both parties are afraid of her; that is, of her success in effecting such enlightenment. The reasons of such fears are sufficiently expressed in the letter alluded to. But this will never be owned up to by any member of the fraternity, "washed" or "unwashed;" because they cannot divest themselves of every doubt as to into whose hands they may fall.

Who I am, and why I have had any cognizance of the perplexing experiences of your lecturer, etc., a few words will explain. I am an old man, well advanced in my seventh decade of years, worn out and infirm, with exposures of pioneer life and the inevitable toil of the roughest, hardest specimens of that life, in New York, Pennsylvania, and Iowa, successively. Have always been a Woman's Rights man since your Editor and Proprietor began to teach the doctrines. Partly from having accepted the Golden Rule as a decree of God, and partly from an experience that the education accorded to women was insufficient to make them what the world needed as mothers of our race.

I live six miles from our P. O. (Cedar Rapids) and seven miles from our county seat, Marion. Have but slight personal acquaintance with the people of either town, but enough to know they are quite ignorant, in the mass, of your mission, motives and labors. And at the same time, they are too intelligent, too religious, too patriotic and too wealthy and influential to remain in ignorance of your mission, motives and doctrines much longer, with credit to Linn County and Iowa State. When, therefore, I learned that Mrs. Stanton was to visit Iowa this spring, I was quite anxious our leading towns should have the benefit of her labors as a teacher, when she must necessarily pass through them. And not believing that any one in our county would write to the agent at Ann Arbor to propose arrangements for a lecture or lectures in our towns, if I did not do it, I wrote to Mr. Carter at Ann Arbor on the subject, wel

knowing that I could only hope to succeed in arrangements for a lecture, by enlisting the interest of some persons in the towns to co-operate in, and patronize the movement. I knew also that I must labor under much disadvantage on account of feebleness of myself and a more feeble wife, and the great difficulty of reaching town often, when the roads were nearly impassable, and our home affairs occupying all our available strength, and very imperfectly cared for, at that.

I went to Marion, had private business with an "Honorable" member of the bar, one of the most, if not the most, influential man of our county; a very benevolent man; a member of one of the most popular churches; high in his professional role, and an aspirant to high official position. I have since learned he is President of the Young Men's Christian Association. I asked if he would countenance a lecture by Mrs. Stanton. He seemed rather to pity me; and finally gave me quite an extended lecture on the merits of the leaders of the movement, and of their principles and motives as well. He avowed a good many statements I could not endorse; concluding with—"I am the best Woman's Rights man in this town; and if you would to-day take a vote of the entire female adult population of Marion on the question of Suffrage for Women, four-fifths would vote against it. And now, Mr. Goff, if you wish to identify yourself with this Suffrage movement, I will not discourage you—just wade in—wade in." I certainly felt the need of having a lecture from Mrs. Stanton, or some other strong, well-booked advocate, more than ever; and soon after made the acquaintance of a few influential ladies who wished to see THE REVOLUTION, and to hear lectures on the subject, and believed a good house would be secured, could we get the lecturer engaged. They were more sanguine than myself, as to the facility of getting a suitable house and a favorable public endorsement; for they had not yet encountered the sneers and scandal of the real enemies of the movement—the politicians.

A week later, however, I found their interest very much dampened and cowed, by the misrepresentations of the opposers. I still believed a paying audience would be on hand could we get the lecturer engaged, as I believed that curiosity would step in to make up for the defections caused by ignorance and prejudice. Subsequent developments more than satisfied me of my correctness in that estimate. I so stated to Mr. Carter. He wrote me that he had forwarded our case to Mrs. Stanton at Minneapolis, and believed she would lecture for us if other engagements left her at liberty to do so, and she would write accordingly to inform us. But his letter never reached her. So we were all left in the dark, until the paper of 31st of March reached us, and then but twenty-four hours to the time of lecturing. (Received on the afternoon of the 5th.) On the morning of the 6th (the day when the Marion lecture was to have been) myself and wife reached Marion. A lady, who also had taken THE REVOLUTION, had a house engaged (the M. E. Church), had notices printed and scattered over town, and had the lecture announced in the court (for it was "court week"), and done all that could be done by one woman to favor a good hearing. But one circumstance perplexed us—the social atmosphere was murky with rumors as to the whereabouts of Mrs. Stanton. Some believed her at Monticello, others thought that she was at Cedar Rapids and was to lecture there, and others believed she was in Marion.

I, however, secured a passage by railroad for Mrs. Goff and the active lady above mentioned to go to Cedar Rapids in search of her. Within five or ten minutes of the arrival of the train a gentleman present says, "I, this morning, saw Mrs. Stanton get into the omnibus of the American House at the Rapids—going to the depot to take the cars for this place." Another said, "She is at Stevens's in this place" (a banker living in a distant part of town). On further questioning him, he "heard she was there," and that was all he knew. I requested the ladies to take passage for Cedar Rapids, while I called at the banker's, trusting that Mrs. Stanton would be discovered by one or the other party, before the lecture hour. She was found at Cedar Rapids, and was engaged to lecture there that evening under the auspices of the Young Men's Christian Association, having had no intimation of the Marion appointment until THE REVOLUTION of 31st March reached her.

To explain why a special train was sent from Monticello to Cedar Rapids for her, and returned without her, on April 5th, the friends of the cause who sent the train will probably contribute the necessary facts, in due time.

And now I will tell you what I found at Banker Stevens's, where I went to find Mrs. Stanton. A lady, just from Cedar Rapids, who had seen and conversed with Mrs. Stanton the evening previous, was favorably impressed with her character, motives, and ability as a speaker and champion of Woman's Suffrage. But she herself "would never think of voting—would never degrade herself by voting alongside of a nigger!" Still she expressed some desire to hear Mrs. Stanton. Mrs. Stevens expressed still stronger desires to hear and did not seem to fear the "degradation," as did her guest, and she felt sure the house engaged for the lecture (at Marion) would be filled to a jam, so there would be no comfort in the lecture. She much regretted that admission had not been fifty instead of twenty-five cents—not considering, I presume, that twenty-five cents saved, to many, who would be as glad to hear as herself, would secure to them a week's supply of bread, which could hardly be dispensed with for the most interesting lecture ever delivered.

E. P. GOFF.

WOMEN VERSUS WOMEN.

A PROTEST.

We acknowledge no inferiority to men. We claim to have no less ability to perform the duties which God has imposed upon us, than they have to perform those imposed upon them.

We believe that God has wisely and well adapted each sex to the proper performance of the duties of each.

We believe our trusts to be as important and sacred as any that exist on earth.

We feel that our present duties fill up the whole measure of our time and abilities; and that they are such as none but ourselves can perform.

Their importance requires us to protest against all efforts to compel us to assume those obligations which cannot be separated from Suffrage; but which cannot be performed by us, without the sacrifice of the highest interests of our families, and of society.

It is our fathers, brothers, husbands and sons, who represent us at the ballot-box. Our fathers and brothers love us. Our husbands are our choice, and one with us. Our sons are what we make them.

We are content that they represent us in the corn-field, the battle-field, and at the ballot-box, and we them, in the school-room, at the fireside, and at the cradle; believing our representation, even at the ballot-box, to be thus more full and impartial than it could possibly be, were all women allowed to vote.

We do, therefore, respectively protest against legisla-

tion to establish "Woman's Suffrage" in our land, or in any part of it.

The above paper, signed by more than one hundred ladies of Lorain county, was presented March 14th, 1870, to the legislature assembled at Columbus, Ohio.

That so many signed is not strange, because the non-suffrage side is the popular one at present. Years hence, when it shall be customary for woman to vote, it is questionable whether the lady who drew up this document would have many supporters.

If "we are not inferior to men," we must have as clear opinions and as good judgment as they. To say, then, that we are not capable of judging of political questions, is untrue. To say that we are not interested in such things is absurd, for who can be more anxious for good laws and good law-makers than women, who, for the most part, have sons and daughters to send out into this whirlpool of temptation, called social and business life. If we are too ignorant to have an opinion, the fault lies at our own door. This is undoubtedly often true, and it is to be hoped that future years will rectify such a condition of things.

These ladies reason upon the premises that "the duties which God has imposed upon us and for which he has wisely and well adapted each sex," as we find them in this close of the nineteenth century, are the duties, conditions, and relations established of God.

Two things we do certainly find in the Bible with regard to this matter; that women are to bear children, and men to earn bread. The first duty we believe has been confined entirely to the female sex, but the male sex have not kept the other in all cases.

If anybody has belonged for any considerable time to a benevolent institution, he has ascertained that women sometimes are obliged to earn bread and bear children also.

A century or two ago, when women seldom or never thought of writing books, or being physicians or lawyers, professors or teachers, or doing anything but house-work, probably they thought they were in the same blessed noonday of women's enlightenment and happiness, as the ladies of Lorain county do to-day. Their husbands, very likely, needed something of the same companionship as the men of the present, but it was unpopular for girls to attend school but little. All the time must be given to spinning and scrubbing, or doing anything so that the mind was not "lumbered up," with science and philosophy. What was the woman? Only a grown up child, her husband controlling her property, her person, her wages; she was lost in him!

The Jewish women, with some rare and beautiful exceptions, held a very different position from the women of to-day, and yet they were God's peculiar people. They ground corn and drew water for men and camels. In Mohammedan countries, they accept for women what they suppose to be God's place concerning them.

Is it not barely possible, seeing that their condition is so constantly changing, that we are not exactly performing all that He intended us to do? that the nineteenth century is not perhaps, after all, the millennium for women? and whether we know definitely what duties God has imposed upon us?

In the year 2,000, it is not improbable that women, walking side by side with husbands, fathers and brothers in all great and good things, shall say, if possibly this protest shall go down

to posterity, what reason had those good people to say that the golden heights for woman had been reached? That with all our duties now known to us, we must have stopped in the nineteenth century while he saw the other half of humanity going higher and higher, to find what God would have them do?

We take our cares and duties and privileges as they are, but have no right to say what God has for us, unless we have a special revelation on the subject. "That our present duties fill up the whole measure of our time and abilities" can be said only of a part of the sex.

The wives of the working men spend nearly, or all their time in rearing large families, and by prudence and thrift, helping to earn little homes. They have just as much time to vote as their husbands, probably it might take one half hour in the year. They have just as much time to hold office as their husbands, for their husbands seldom or never hold office, and never want to, for they cannot afford it. It does not pay to serve on a jury if one has eight children to feed, and the good sense of the community does not allow such men to act; neither would it such women. They could become as well informed as their husbands. Spending one's evenings at saloons does not tend to increase

culture any more than making baby's aprons, and would it not be an improvement to all concerned if the husband would read politics!! to his wife as she sewed, and thus increase the intelligence of both?

In the well-to-do class, the present duties of the women are such as might easily give place to something better. Those who have small children, even now find time to read novels, attend parties, and be out nearly all night as often as they wish. They are able and have servants to care for their babies, to do their work, and what do they accomplish? They make tidies, and sofa-pillows, and go calling, and riding, and have a good time generally. If they do not have time to vote, and make abundant preparation for it, then who does?

There are noble women, and perhaps all the memorialists belong to this class; God bless them, if they do! we know some of them do, whose hands are full of good works, who look after the poor, the unconverted, and the fallen, and when they die, carry home the record every true woman should. If woman's voting is to do good to the country, they ought not to overlook this *good work* any more than others; indeed if its results are to be good it ought to be wrought out for the master. If these ladies, after careful study and thought, believe that Woman Suffrage will work evil in the land, they ought to say *that*, rather than base it upon lack of time. The enfranchisement of 15,000,000 women will be a balance of power for good or evil, that will certainly need looking after.

What "obligations there are which cannot be separated from Suffrage without sacrificing the highest interests of females and society," we are too obtuse to see.

The only obligation really binding seems to be, to become sufficiently intelligent to know how to drop into a ballot-box a paper with the name of the best candidate upon it. With a little more intelligence on the part of the majority of women, we think the highest interests of the family would not suffer materially. If intelligence will make society any worse than it is now, by all means let us go back to infantile ignorance.

If we must go to war if we vote, there will perhaps not be women wanting volunteers by

thousands, as there were in the last war, and when property laws are so arranged that the women shall have the right to control half of what they and their husbands together earn, they will have as much money with which to hire substitutes as the men.

If we must be nominated for office if we vote, perhaps it would not displease the men to have us decline all such appointments in their favor. If we feel that there is a lack of propriety in being mayors, judges, legislators, etc., if we have homes and prefer to stay in them, as most of us do, we see no objection in quietly refusing such honors. We need not be troubled. Except in rare instances, greatness has never been thrust upon people.

If women have leisure and talent, and desire to fill such places, no very cogent reasons have ever been presented against it. One woman has already become a mayor, and I have not heard that the foundations of the place have been shaken thereby. If the ladies aforesaid cannot vote without the highest interests of their families being sacrificed, they ought to be allowed to remain in peace.

It has been shown of course a thousand times that all cannot be represented by husbands and fathers. There are some women whose fathers have gone up to Heaven, and others for whom no husbands have ever been sent down from there. Then it sometimes happens that a husband and wife, if they have any brains or individuality, do not have the same thoughts upon the same subjects. For instance, he might think to be the husband of one wife, the cream of existence; she that polygamy is the gate to paradise. He might think slavery was right and proper; she that all are created equal. My observation, not my experience, has taught me that our husbands are not always "one with us," and our sons are not always "what we make them."

I have known hundreds of mothers who prayed over and labored for their sons day and night till society took them and ruined them. I believe the mothers very generally do their duty at home, but we want their influence to reach out into the saloons and houses of ill-fame.

I do not see any need for representation in the corn-field! If the man is not able to care for his field alone, let the wife help him, provided her arms are not full of children in the house. If he has been careful of her lest she be broken down early in life by oft-recurring maternity, she ought to be just as careful of him.

We do object to such divisions of labor as I saw before our door last summer. A stout German was leading a cow as she ate grass, while a small woman was rapidly cutting and filling a waggon with the same. He sauntered leisurely along for the cow to enjoy her food. The woman occasionally straightened up her body, wiped the perspiration from her face, while he took out his pipe, let a delicate curl of smoke ascend into the air, looked at her approvingly, and let her go to work again. I think this is more than Woman's Rights, though I would have no objection to taking turns in the pasturing business.

As for our representing them at the fireside, I think it a great deal pleasanter that they be there in person. Nothing is more blessed than the home circle, and here I think if husbands were not so often represented by their wives, while they were absent evening after evening on "important business," the condition of things would be improved. If women "at the

school-room, the fire-side, and the cradle" would, by their instruction, make their influence felt upon the government, as they would if they voted, we would have nothing more to ask. But at the present day, how incompetent are they to teach their children the principles of our Republican government, and fit them for the places they should be able to occupy in it!

There are a few exceptions. I had a relative, who, being a whig, and her husband a democrat, made nearly all her ten children whigs, by her influence. She and her husband were never divorced!!

I am glad these ladies made this protest, not only because this is a country where honest views ought to be expressed, but because agitation pushes forward reform. I am glad that nearly half of our representatives were in favor of submitting this question to the women of the state. I am glad our interests were so ably defended by a talented representative from our own district. I do not think, however, by submitting it to the women, they would get a correct expression upon the subject. A good many would vote for it, a few against it, and thousands would be afraid to vote, or indifferent to it. If it is granted, I do not suppose all women will vote immediately. Many prejudices will first have to give way. If women vote what they wish to vote, and there is no disorderly conduct at the polls in consequence, and no general disorder in the body politics, I do not see any objection to the thing being continued from year to year. I believe in due time the men will grant it to us, but the change is so novel they can hardly concede it just yet.

When women like Miss Jones of our city, now in California, take a few more professorships in a university over a half hundred competitors, write a few more libraries, show themselves capable of solving great questions, become ornaments to their professions and science, it will seem more absurd for them not to be enfranchised than it does now for them to be so.

SARAH KNOWLES BOLTON.

Foreign Correspondence.

LETTER L.

MANCHESTER, April, 1870.

NEWS FROM MISS CARPENTER.

An interesting letter has just been received from Miss Mary Carpenter reporting progress in her work of promoting education amongst women in India. She writes from Bombay which she has made her headquarters. Finding the few existing girls' schools to be very deficient in every way, Miss Carpenter has proposed to her Hindoo friends to establish, with their assistance, a model school, in order, as she says, to give them an idea of what we mean by education. This offer has been cordially accepted, and a native gentleman, has lent her a suitable house, pleasantly situated in a garden, for this purpose. This school is to be opened at Bombay early in March, and funds and materials have been provided sufficient to support it for the first year. Miss Carpenter describes a visit she has made to Ratnagiri on the Malabar coast, about twenty hours from Bombay. This place is beautifully situated and, with its mountain air and sea breezes, enjoys a delightful climate, though but seventeen degrees from the equator. Here she found a branch of the Brahmo Somaj established. This church is presided over by Vaman Abaji Maduk, the Principal of the High School. This gentleman had

formerly lived at Hyderabad, in Scinde, and had been active in promoting the education of women, visiting the prisons, and establishing Theistic worship in that place. Miss Carpenter attended the Brahmo Somaj at Ratnagiri. The congregation was small, but serious, and Mr. Maduk conducted the service in a most devotional manner, often quoting the teachings of Christ. "In Bombay," Miss Carpenter says, "the Theistic worship of the Brahmo Somaj continues to be held at Dr. Ahnaram's. This gentleman deserves every mark of sympathy that can be shown to him. He has lately been excommunicated for sympathizing with a widow re-marriage in Bombay, but he has not lost any of his moral influence in consequence. Theodore Parker's writings are much read among the members of the Brahmo Somaj. The last week of 1869 was spent by Miss Carpenter in Ahmedabad, in Guzerat, where she was rejoiced to find that Miss Chamberlain had been working most earnestly and successfully at the girl's school established during Miss C.'s former visit. Some of the young native women are being trained for teachers under the care of Miss Chamberlain with the best results, present and prospective.

Miss Carpenter concludes her letter with the following interesting and suggestive anecdote: "On my remarking one day that a Mahometan Judge of the Small Causes Court, at Surat, seemed more courageous than the Hindoos, and that I supposed it was on account of his race, a young native barrister exclaimed, 'No, it is not on account of his being a Mahometan that he is more courageous, but because he has become a Christian.' I afterwards asked him the meaning of this. He said that the moral standard of Christianity and the sense of duty thus enforced are so much higher than those of Mahometanism or Hindooism, that the professor of such a religion must be more courageous. Yet he cannot embrace Christianity, and multitudes feel the same in India because they cannot believe in revealed religion, or in miracles."

THE EDUCATION OF WOMEN IN ITALY.

The ladies of the International Association have petitioned the Chamber of Deputies at Florence in favor of establishing such schools and colleges for women as may be suitable to the requirements of the age.

THE LAST SHALL BE FIRST.

While the Education League is discussing the merits of Mr. Forster's system of National Education in this country, and while "denominational" difficulties are distracting the minds of educationists in Protestant England, the towns of Bologna, Faltì, and Cesena, in Italy, have abolished catechistic religious tuition in all public schools. The resolutions of the Communes declare that the rights and duties of citizens shall be taught instead of the mysterious catechism.

UNITED EDUCATION BEST.

I mentioned in a former letter that the School of Arts in Edinburgh has been opened to women. This is the first session under the new arrangement, and above sixty female students have already been enrolled.

A memorial has just been presented to the trustees of the institution urging them, in making some projected changes, to give the School of Arts a prominent site, and to allow sufficient means for its further development. As it is now a working woman's as well as a working man's college, it is probable that more extended

accommodation will be needed in future. In the course of a few years, it is more than likely that the male and female students will attend in about equal numbers, as is the case in several of the working people's colleges in London and elsewhere. The memorial was signed by about seventy female students. There was a similar memorial from the former and present male students of the School of Arts.

Thus to enlarge existing schools and colleges so as to admit of their receiving students from the hitherto excluded half of the population, is a much superior plan to that of founding special schools and colleges for girls and women.

There are three main advantages to be gained by united education:

1. It is better morally and intellectually for the boys and men.
2. It is better intellectually and morally for the girls and women.
3. It is more economical.

We learn that several female scholarships are likely to be founded at Cambridge.

I have already mentioned that under the Endowed Schools bill of last session "provision is to be made, as far as conveniently may be, for extending to girls the benefit of endowments." A society has been formed in London to aid in carrying out the directions of this clause. Miss E. Bonham Carter is the Hon. Secretary of the Association.

Lord Shaftsbury, the President of the Female Medical Society in London, has promised to preside at the next meeting of the Victoria Debating Society. The paper and discussion will be on "Medicine as a Profession for Women."

LADIES AMUSEMENTS.

This is the title of an article in one of our serials from the pen of Miss Cobbe, in which the following interesting passage occurs:

The philosophy of relaxation, as everybody knows, is not the mere stopping of one thing; it is doing, as nearly as may be, the opposite thing. The miller's horse, which, having to go round all the week from right to left at his mill, went round of his own accord on Sundays in his paddock from left to right, hit on precisely the true principle of all relaxation. Accordingly, therefore, as the physical inferiority of women will always make the manual labor valueless comparatively to that of man, while their mental powers permit of much nearer competition, we must expect that as the labor market gradually opens to them more freely, it will be almost wholly among sedentary employments they will find their tasks. Among educated ladies, doubtless, such a work will be chiefly of an intellectual sort—the organization of charities, mercantile accounts, the profession of medicine, arts and literature. Accordingly, the complementary color of such busy lives will be made up by amusements as much as possible not of an intellectual or sedentary kind. Further, the instinctive preference which will thus be felt for out-of-door relaxation and muscular exercise, will be of course rationally strengthened by the over-growing sense of the necessity of improving the health and vigor of women from its present miserable average. The condition of life-long "patients" which the amiable M. Michelet allots to them as their normal one, having ceased to be recognized as either useful or ornamental, the effort to make them, let us say, hopeful convalescents, will inevitably lead to fashion for all kinds of wholesome exercise exceeding even what English country ladies have ever known, and quite revolutionizing the lives of French women, Italians, Germans, and Americans.

Among such healthful amusements, it seems to us that gardening will have probably the foremost place. It is at once an art and an exercise—an art wherein we dull Saxons have thoroughly proved our power to excel, and an exercise which brings every muscle into play in the blessed fresh air. It may be so cheaply purchased that the poorest cottager or even town garretteer may enjoy it; and it may be costly and splendid enough to gratify the taste of queens. The natural affinity between women and flowers is so strong, so few women of any rank

are devoid of it, and so much of gardening and conservatory work can well be done by women, that it is quite a curious instance of the way in which pleasant and lucrative trades are monopolized by men, that there are no such things as garden-girls, and female head-gardeners, and women, managing nurseries and market-gardens. Many hundreds of English ladies work from choice half their days in their own gardens, and, being their own head-gardeners, enjoy every flower which blooms tenfold more than if they had the honor of meekly smelling it under the rule of a Scotch autocrat. But no woman of the humbler class that ever we heard of was allowed to gain her bread by doing precisely what these ladies do from choice; though how many would rejoice to quit dreary school-rooms and work-rooms to undertake the same, Heaven alone can tell!

As a substitute for gardening, it would seem as if the more delicate kinds of carpentry, wood-carving, and turning with a lathe should come by and by into the range of women's amusements. The production of elegant and useful articles in wood and ivory, and the delightful (and most economical) facility of repairing small household disasters, and adding little upholstery ornaments without the everlasting reference to tradesmen, would afford enjoyment to numbers of ladies. Think of the relief of turning a set of much-needed wardrobe pegs, making a picture-frame or a pretty box of chess-men, and resolutely screwing a missing caster on the old mother's arm-chair, in lieu of fiddling at beads, and silks, and cottons for screens never to be used, and anti-macassars which become the burden of existence. Catherine the Great, the only woman who ever received the title, and who might have been called the "Great Sinner," kept her fingers often out of mischief for some hours by turning ivory boxes; and better women might find solace in the same occupation, rather than in many of those fashionable follies which suggest the query. Is it possible the toyshops have taken into their pay that great inventor celebrated for always finding something "still for idle hands to do?"

Riding, driving, swimming, archery, croquet, billiards, down to humble and juvenile, but withal thoroughly in spriting, battledore, these are all ladies amusements of the class which it is to be hoped will yearly become more popular, while there will be a proportionate decline of fashion in bezique, acrostics, potichomanie, and all that wretched fiddle-faddle recognized as "fancy work," which ought rather to be called "fancied work," since the only "fancy" displayed about it is the delusion that the performance is "work" in any sense of the word.

Of course, there will always remain a certain margin of room for winter sedentary amusements. But the tendency of these, instead of being towards intellectual games like chess, whist, or acrostics, must constantly be (for the reasons above given) towards more and more purely playful ones requiring little or no thought, and only productive of comic combinations. Idle people can enjoy hard-working games, but those who thoroughly task their brains in earnest, only desire to loosen their tension in play. Who would think of asking Mr. Babbage to a match at chess, or Sir John Herschel to solve a double acrostic? As well invite a distressed needlewoman to amuse herself with a pretty bit of crochet?

Will such changes as we have foretold take the spring out of woman's spirits and make the world more a grind than it is at present? Nay, but we are assured it will act in precisely a contrary manner, and bring a stream of fresh interest and joy and health into thousands of lives now

Dim, and dank, and grey.

As a storm-extinguished day—

Travelled o'er by dying beams.

Let whose doubts go into the society of ladies who really do anything in earnest—artists, literary women, philanthropists. Let him listen to the rapid interchange of jest and anecdote, and the quick, joyous laughter wherewith each discussion is pretty sure to be seasoned; and then let him say whether honest work and fair play do not tend to make lighter hearts than can be obtained by the most assiduous devotion to potichomanie and double Acrostics.

WOMEN'S SUFFRAGE.

During the past week a number of petitions on this subject have been presented to Parliament. Bristol sent one with over a thousand signatures.

Very truly yours, REBECCA MOORE.

By aggravating an injury, some persons persuade themselves they justify it.

The Revolution.

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NEW YORK, APRIL 21, 1870.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

CEDAR RAPIDS, Iowa, April 7, 1870.

DEAR REVOLUTION: A chapter of accidents. Left Clinton at five o'clock in the morning to reach Montecello. Arrived at Cedar Rapids at eleven, and received the pleasing intelligence that the train had gone. There are two features of railroad travel in Iowa, most surprising and bewildering to the innocent traveller.

1st. The roads run generally in parallel lines, never looking at or shaking hands with each other, and crossing from one to the other involves dreary rides in the most hopeless looking stages man ever made, fording creeks, sailing on rafts and stopping places fit only for the lower animals.

2d. Where there is a cross-road, which is rare, it never runs with the slightest reference to the main road, but obstinately on its own hook, as the managers of the different routes take a malicious pleasure in annoying each other, never seeming to think or to care for the delays and disappointments that fall on hapless men, women and children. Finding myself shut up with bad roads, floods, no bridges (Iowa has an antipathy to bridges), I decided to rest at Cedar Rapids for a few days and speak one evening there. But no sooner was I comfortably ensconced at the American, which by the way is admirably kept, a woman with brains being the head of it, than my son telegraphed me from Montecello, where he had hoped to meet me, that I must come there, that he had engaged a special train.

Being informed that the special train would leave at six, I was ready at that hour, but the conductor being drunk, had gone off an hour before, and was anxiously enquiring for me at every stopping place along the line. At the end of the route a large audience waited my coming. My son and lyceum managers telegraphing, "Where is the train?" "Where is Mrs. Stanton?" At the other end, I stood tired, disgusted, indignant, replying, "Here I am, but where is the train?" At eight o'clock, as no train returned, I went back to the hotel, bag and baggage (in a good state of mind to say damn it), while the audience at Monticello dispersed at 9 o'clock, cursing all womankind. My son overheard groups here and there say, "Just like a woman;" "never can depend on them."

Please remember, dear sirs, that such are the results of your own management. Women have not one word to say about railroads, stages, bridges. When we have, oh, what order and harmony will reign! With sober women for engineers and conductors, there will be no smash ups nor running off before they are sent. When the women of Iowa vote, there will be decent roads and bridges, and trains in friendly rela-

tions with each other, and telegraph operators, who know that dispatch means send quickly and not lay on the shelf.

Wednesday morning dawned bright and beautiful, and as my son joined me, we passed a pleasant day together, making plans to reach Iowa City. With maps, guides and many counsellors, we had two routes under consideration. One route, thirty miles by stage, bad roads, an all day pull through mud and swollen streams; stage—an open waggon for passengers *without baggage*. A covered carriage was at our service for \$25 to be paid for on starting, with no promise of reaching there, and could not take a trunk. On the other hand, sixty miles railroad, with a break in the middle of ten miles staging and three on a raft across the Iowa river. As my faithful travelling companion, my trunk, could join the party on this route, we decided on the latter, and accordingly, at the appointed time, we went to the depot, got tickets, checks, walked, chatted with that sense of relief people feel after deciding a puzzling question. In due time, by the bustling among the depot officials, we learned that the train was off the track thirty miles away, and would be two hours late. To reach the Rock Island route we had not half an hour to spare, so here was another cold shower, \$200 out of pocket in two days, another disappointed audience, and more anathemas on all woman-kind. Back again to the hotel, to start in the night-train for Batavia, Ill, where I am advertised for Saturday evening. This time I shall give the trains twenty-four hours for balks, sulks and all manner of perverse and contrary behaviour.

Although my usually placid soul has been so terribly tempest-tossed in Cedar Rapids, yet I cannot be insensible to the fact that this is a fine town, pleasantly situated on the banks of the Cedar river. It boasts 6,000 inhabitants, some of the finest brick residences in the state and is the headquarters of John J. Blair, the railway king of the west. The view, from my windows, of the river, now much swollen by the flood, has been a constant pleasure to me, dancing, sparkling in the bright sunshine all day, and in the sweet music of its rushing waters whispering notes of tenderness and love all night. Nature is beautiful, although mankind are so perverse.

E. C. S.

THE APPROACHING ANNIVERSARY.

Too much cannot be thought or said of its importance. And it is high time those who are to attend it should be making their arrangements, especially those who have far to travel, and those who expect or wish to take active part in the proceedings. The momentous importance of the cause itself should wake all that is noble, holy and just in every human heart. Once it was thought that no such enterprise ever before stirred the world as Anti-Slavery. Till that hour, probably no other enterprise ever did or ever could present stronger claims. A man made in the divine image, rational, responsible, immortal, to be seized, stolen, sold into brute slavery, as a brute, as a beast, and his children after him through successive generations, until slave-breeding and mule and cattle-breeding were carried on in the same town, on the same farm, by the same means, and for the same purposes, by democrats and republicans, by church members, deacons and ministers, and by women, too, as well as by men, the system supported by the state, sanctified by the church, held and guarded

by the swords and bayonets of the one, and hallowed by the sermons and sacraments of the other for almost a century, and until the victims had increased to four millions, in the most democratic and christian country on the globe, surely the world never had witnessed so sublime a crusade as that first set on foot by Elizabeth Heyrick to rid humanity of this its direst curse "by immediate, unconditional emancipation!"

Ours was the most guilty nation on the globe, and its punishment has been in some degree proportionate to its guilt. And the price paid for liberty was not too dear. No price is too great to pay for liberty. What is life without it? And yet it is held, no matter who first said it, or to whom said, that "all that a man hath will he give for his life." What, then, should he not give for liberty? The French Revolution, with all its terrors and massacres, was worth all it cost. The American Revolution achieved much more. History now forgives, almost forgets, their failures, even their terrors, in remembrance of the good they wrought. So, too, of our latest war. It was frightful in cost of life and treasure; and in wealth, too, dearer than life or gold, but the whole nation to-day rejoices that the curse of chattel slavery is no more. And our scripture now might read, as written in blood on a thousand battle-fields, All that a nation hath will it give for liberty!

And yet to woman, as woman, hitherto, blood and life sacrifice has been of no effect. Taxation without representation was as grievous to the Martha Washingtons of the United States after the Revolution and under President Washington, as to the George Washingtons before the Revolution under George III. in the British colonies. If men were taxed without representation before the battles of Bunker Hill and Brandywine, women have been ever since, and are taxed still. If, under monarchical rule, men were tried, condemned and punished by laws in the making of which they had no vote, no voice, so are women even unto this hour in our boasted and boasting republic.

If the ballot is invaluable, indispensable to the security of the freed man in the full enjoyment of his freedom and pursuit of happiness, it must be equally so to the freed woman who is to live under the same government, be taxed equally for its support, obey the same laws, or suffer the same penalties.

And what is true of the colored woman in this respect, is alike true of every woman in the nation; high, low, rich, poor, learned, ignorant, virtuous, vicious, all are equally proscribed until the meanest, most brutal man is sovereign, supreme, over the noblest woman who dreads and despises his authority. The liveried lacquey, tricked out in white-topped boots, gold-laced and cockaded hat, with coat or cape all broke out with plated or gilded buttons, and driving a millionaire mistress down Broadway or through Central Park, is, in the government, the equal of President Grant, while the mistress, with all her wealth, virtue, culture and accomplishments, is but the peer of the poodle that snuggles at her side. And Oberlin women publicly declare they are satisfied to have it so! It is even said that more than a thousand Ohio women have signed a remonstrance against Woman Suffrage and sent it to their state legislature. No wonder rowdies and ruffians, scoffers and revilers, are swearing at every grog-shop door, that women don't know enough to vote! But to return to our Anniversary and subject.

Even all these are not for this year, the chief

est reasons for a full attendance on the meetings in May. It is known that an effort is making to unite all the friends of Woman Suffrage if possible, under one broad, harmonious American banner. That effort has revealed as could not have been anticipated, that the friends of Woman Suffrage are multitudinous everywhere, beyond what the most sanguine could have believed. Their letters have come by basketsfull, literally, some signed by one person, some by families, some by the officers of local societies, and others by neighborhoods and villages, like petitions to Congress, and most of them declare themselves not only in favor of Woman Suffrage, but also of the proposed, or a similar union, to hasten the accomplishment of the object. The tide of voices from the west, beginning at the Pacific ocean (*Peaceful ocean*), and climbing the Rocky Mountains, greets, joyfully, Wyoming and Utah, where woman has already been invested with the ballot, at once the pledge of equality and sceptre of authority; and taking courage from their example, sweeps eastward across the broad valley of the Mississippi, and over the Alleghanies, louder and louder, like the noise of many waters, it demands peace and union, and a Sixteenth Amendment to the Federal Constitution that shall lift all womankind in the country from its present poodle-dog level, Oberlin women and all, to the side of its colored coachmen, who, by the Fifteenth Amendment, are made (and not too soon) the equals of presidents, senators, judges, generals and admirals, or whoever, or whatever bears rule in our republican realm. Let him or her who has ears to hear (not ears merely for ornament), hear, and be governed accordingly.

P. P.

FIFTEENTH AMENDMENT CELEBRATIONS.

THEY have been many, but not too many; joyous, but not too joyous. Everywhere, we hear of them, East, West, South and even North; for Canada has colored population, once slaves of republican, democratic, christian and even clerical masters and owners; and though as British subjects they gain nothing by the Amendment, still they are men and women, and share the joy of those in whose sorrows, as slaves, they once mingled. And from every one of them so far, whether in New York, Philadelphia, Washington, or the small country towns and villages, there comes but one testimony, from foe and friend alike, and that is, that everywhere they have been sober, temperate, orderly and in every possible respect as well conducted as though composed entirely of the oldest, wisest, most law-loving and law-abiding citizens in the community or country. Indeed, it is doubtful whether so many public out-door and in-door observances of such varied kind were ever held in the same space of time over one and the same event, with so little to deplore. In all this, the old and true abolitionists rejoice but are not surprised. They would have been surprised at any other result or manifestation. It was just so when liberty was proclaimed in the British West Indies. Many planters took council of their fears and their foolishness and fled the islands, as though their day of final judgment was at hand, and they anticipated their doom! But the liberated myriads repaired to their churches and sang and shouted their joy in songs of gratitude and praise to God. Their exercises were eminently religious; a thousand times more so than here, for which

there were reasons, but surely not more orderly and becoming. That would have been impossible.

It seems strange that so many editors should continue to fling their low and vulgar slang at the newly created citizenship, which surely, so far, reflects nothing but honor on itself, and respectability and credit on our republican institutions. Delirium tremens is known to be a senatorial possibility from which neither political party claims entire exemption, but the successor of Jefferson Davis shows no symptom of that dire disease. Nor does anybody fear that he will ever lead off in a fiery crusade of secession, rebellion and war against the government of his country. A little more modesty towards the colored people on the part of many democratic editors, would be very becoming, as well in view of the present as the past.

P. P.

COLORPHOBIA CURED.—It has always been held incurable. Hydrophobia was hopeful compared to it. The Colonization Society, thirty years ago, tried Christianity upon it, in allopathic doses, and declared it wholly inefficacious. And so it invented Liberia, and made haste to put the Atlantic ocean, with all its winds and waves, betwixt the negro and its nobility. Only the free negro, however, was thus offensive, obnoxious. A rose by any other name would smell as sweet, but not so the black man, or woman. As slaves they were sweet as Baltimore belles, or any other roses; but free, who could bear them? As slaves they could travel anywhere, any way, by land or sea. They and their masters or mistresses could occupy any saloon or drawing-room, car, steamboat state-room, or inside of stage coach, with the lap-dogs, parrots, pet monkeys, or whatever stock, goods or chattels were necessary to the owner's convenience, comfort, or pleasure; but as free they used to ride in what was called the "Jim Crow car," into which no white person was permitted to enter. I have seen Frederick Douglass driven out of the common cars into the Jim Crow car. I have seen colored men as well dressed, as well educated, and as well behaved as the President, or any of the Directors of the Railroad, driven out of the respectable and comfortable carriages into the Jim Crow car ("*Corvus Jacobi*," my old friend Nathaniel Peabody Rogers used to latinize it), and when I went into the same, partly for the sake of good society and company and partly to testify practically against such proscription, bless me, if the conductor and brakemen didn't come and drive me out again, back among the white vulgarity, masculine and feminine, that grinned and giggled at the shameful transaction, and especially at my part in it!

But now another cure is discovered for the terrible malady. It has already cured republicans, nearly to the last man, and democracy is rapidly recovering. The black man is anointed with the ballot, and the holy Hebrew oil was not more efficacious. It purifies him so suddenly and so certainly of all those qualities that rendered his very approach towards the respectable white citizen, saint and sinner alike (see Colonization Society earlier Reports), so dangerous, if not fatal, that already the democratic editors and politicians are so far recovering as to render it sure that *colorphobia*, like Judean leprosy and possession of devils, witchcraft and London plague, will soon totally disappear. Even the *Detroit Union*, a most malignant case of the dire disease, now sings such a song of deliverance as this below:

NOTEWORTHY.—Notwithstanding that yesterday was an occasion of greater joy to the colored population of this city than ever before occurred, and one on which it would be natural that many of them should indulge in strong drink, or in some disorderly manifestation of delight, there was not a single arrest made, and not a negro in the station-house this morning: a fact that augurs well of their determination to do credit to the privilege of the franchise given them.

That is the way the colored people in Detroit celebrated their elevation to full citizenship under the Fifteenth Amendment, and that is the way democratic editors report them. And exactly the same good thing happened in a great many other places, as the newspapers showed.

P. P.

LECTURE ON AMERICAN HUMORISTS.

MRS. LOUISA HOLDEN DENT has been already introduced to our readers as the able and effective vice-president of the Schuyler County Woman's Suffrage Association; and also as the late Principal of the Clinton Female Literary Institute. The Clinton papers speak in the highest terms of her accomplishments as a faithful and successful teacher and of the rich presents made her on her retirement, by her appreciative pupils.

Mrs. Dent now resides in Watkins, and in addition to other labors proposes to enter the field as a public lecturer. Those who know her will read with pleasure, but not surprise, the following notice of her *debut* performance in the Schuyler County Democrat on Friday evening of last week:

This was, as we are informed, Mrs. Dent's first appearance as a public speaker; and her *debut*, as it is generally and truly admitted, was a marked and gratifying success. Her subject was "Our Humorists," and she handled it in a pertinent manner, and presented her views pertaining thereto, and discussed the positions which she assumed, with admirable clearness and ability, interspersing the same with occasional sallies of original wit and humor which "brought down the house" and provoked the laughter of the most decorous and grave of her auditors. She made allusions to the most distinguished humorists of this country and read extracts from their writings. Her selections were characteristic of the respective authors as well as appropriate to the subject, and were recited with admirable grace and elocutionary effect. We shall not, in this place, attempt even a brief synopsis of the points and positions maintained and discussed by Mrs. Dent. To be fully appreciated she must be heard; for while—as in this lecture—her literary composition may be faultless, and her logic, by induction and comparison, ever so clear, still, if unaccompanied by her graceful elocution and oratorical action, the whole would lose much of its force and pleasing effect.

We understand that the ladies at the head of the progressive movement, in this county, to secure the right of suffrage for women, have designated Mrs. Dent to take a leading part in their reform action in this section of the state. If so, judging from the good sense, tact and ability displayed by Mrs. Dent last Friday evening, the managing ladies have made a most judicious and fortunate selection. If their cause cannot be moved onward, under the supervision of Mrs. Dent, it will be difficult, if not impossible, to select one under whose management it will prosper.

The Watkins Express paid the lecture an equally flattering compliment, thus:

We are free to admit that Mrs. Dent more than equalled our expectations, in the cogency and elaborateness of her thoughts, the elegance and force of her diction, and the excellence and appropriateness of her selections. Her appearance upon the rostrum was characterized by the ease, grace, and dignity to be expected from a lady of her culture and social position; and we believe it correct to say that the sentiment inspired by herself, as well as her lecture, was one of unqualified satisfaction.

As Mrs. Dent is already a leading worker in the cause of Suffrage for woman and holds an important official position, a few words more in

regard to her will not be inappropriate in this connection. It is her purpose to enter the lecturing field, like Mrs. Stanton, in the two departments of literature and reform, in both of which she is eminently fitted to stand in the front rank. She is a graduate of Ontario Seminary at Canandaigua and has had such experience as teacher in the higher branches of literary culture, including languages, music and art, as fully prepared her large circle of acquaintances and friends to expect just the enviable success she achieved in Watkins at her first appearance on the literary platform. The friends of the Suffrage cause are certainly to be congratulated on so valuable an accession to their ranks; and the lyceum too will no doubt receive at the next season a new pillar and most graceful ornament in Mrs. Louise Holden Dent.

P. P.

SAN FRANCISCO AND ITS SUFFRAGE MEETINGS.

CALIFORNIA is setting the nation the good example of earnest, constant, untiring work with such means as it has at hand. And really it is helping itself better than it could possibly be helped by any foreign aid. San Francisco has a grand weekly Suffrage meeting, the discussions of which are worthy any state convention, for earnestness, eloquence and ability. And the reports of them make much of the matter that constitutes the *Pioneer* one of the very best Woman Suffrage papers in the world. The following are a part of the remarks of Mrs. Hartvie at the last weekly meeting in *Dashaway Hall* of which account has been received:

How strange that one-half of mankind objects to give equality of rights to the other half, to whom they are indebted for birth, home and happiness! There is opposition to our cause in all quarters of the globe. Some are too selfish to aid us, others too ignorant to comprehend; and thus we meet with ridicule, stubbornness and indifference. Mrs. Stanton, great woman of America, I pray for thee and thy success! Good, gentle, noble, brave, thou standest like a rock, defying tempests of nature and human efforts! Sisters of California, let us be like this heroine—immovable on one subject, but quick as lightning in thoughts, and sharp as steel in speech. Men will not fall in love with us at this important period—for their taste is so degraded; but we can make up for this by employing ourselves usefully. Household duties are sadly neglected, and I propose that every female adult, before she ties the marriage bond, shall be instructed how to superintend, properly and to the best advantage, kitchen and nursery. A great deal of time and money is wasted on the former, and nothing accomplished but dyspepsia and consumption, those two evils that derange stomach and brain. Men have suffered when infants. Look! there is not one who is finely shaped; either they are crooked in body and soul, or debased in spirit. Ah! we did not teach them respect nor love for our sex; they were neglected when children, or too much indulged. Mind and body are diseased; they are jealous, small, and refuse their partners in life, liberty! When I go to private families, asking them to sign our petition for Woman Suffrage, the Frenchman smilingly refuses, if too polite to tell that he thought us too frivolous, too fashionable for earnest occupations; the Spaniard looks astonished—he does not understand independence; the Italian judges his wife and all others to be too violent, too *intrigante*; the Englishman, spreading out his wings like a rooster, looks down on us with disdain, hardly comprehending how woman can dare to reach her hand out for Presidentship—a Queen on a throne she may be, but not the head of a Republic; the American born yields, for gallantry's sake, to our pleadings; slowly, and with reproachful looks, signing our paper reluctantly, as if he would lose money and reputation—he promises us his assistance; that consists in repeating over and over in public, whether it will improve woman's character or not to hold office. Ah! as if we were not good enough in every place for him! Sisters, let us help ourselves! No

more begging for Suffrage! Take it! Go to Washington, and sit down in the Senate and declare your independence! If men venture to draw the sword against us, brave it, and receive the death wound for a good cause.

MR. TILTON'S MOVEMENT.

We have conscientiously endeavored to regard the self-imposed mediatorial work of Mr. Tilton with becoming solemnity. But in spite of ourself, our sense of the ridiculous overcomes us, and the ludicrous features of his volunteer mission impress themselves upon us more powerfully than any others. Men of such calibre, acquirements and experience as Henry Ward Beecher, George W. Curtis, T. W. Higginson, Wm. L. Garrison, Geo. W. Julian, Moses Coit Tyler, and others, are summoned before him, with women who, for nearly as many years as Mr. Tilton has lived, have toiled like Titans, amid abuse and calumny, to advance the cause of their own sex. Then, in the role of a great pacificator, he proceeds to inform them that he cannot allow any more quarreling, and interrogates them as to the reasons why they cannot, then and there, be joined in holy matrimony with another organization, whose representatives stand also in the royal presence, assured that "now's the day and now's the hour."

Then, finding that he cannot make one organization from two, a *la Heller*, who, by some trick of legerdemain, takes two rabbits by the ears and rubs them into one, he proceeds to remedy the evil of two national societies by taking from his pocket the constitution and list of officers of a *third*—is it on the principle of *similia similibus curantur*?—and with six persons in attendance organizes another National Woman Suffrage Society. Like Young America, who "won't play if he can't be cap'en," he is put at the head, "borrows the name" of Anna Dickinson "for its figure-head," and hoisting his flag, beats a loud rub-a-dub-dub, summoning all peoples to surrender to the new king, to fall into line, and march with him to the "Heavenly Canaan" just ahead. It is altogether too funny—especially in the light of the disclaimers which we give below.

"The best laid schemes of mice and men
Gang oft a-gley,"—

and our go-ahead, genial and altogether agreeable brother Tilton is no exception to the rule.

But while, snugly ensconced in our editorial sanctum, we hear the challenge, "Under which king, Benzonian? speak or die!" we can't feel scared, and only laugh a little in our sleeve, irreverent though it may be. "There is a time to laugh, and a time to weep," says the Good Book—and we are sure by the tickle there is in us, that now is the time to laugh. Forgive us, brother Tilton; we are glad you are headed in the right direction, even while we are amused at your tactics. We shall all come together, as the Millerite hymn has it—

"When we march into the city,
Bye and bye."

The above is the response of the Boston *Woman's Journal* to the attempt of such persons as Lucretia Mott, Gerrit Smith, Sarah Pugh, Senator Pomeroy, Phebe Cary and others, to the number of more than a thousand, many, if not most of them well-known and long known as faithful, devoted workers in the cause of Woman Suffrage, to the proposition to unite the friends of the cause under one national banner, for the more vigorous and successful prosecution of their work. If the *Journal* can afford such trifling and ribaldry towards an honest, earnest, well-intentioned undertaking, for a noble, desirable, praiseworthy object, it surely cannot harm those towards whom it is directed; but it may be well to understand its animus, and what the cause will gain or lose by the non-concurrence in that undertaking of those capable of such treatment of such persons as proposed it.

P. P.

SETTLED.—Rev. T. K. Beecher says, in hostility to Woman Suffrage, "You can't settle muddy coffee by increasing the quantity." To which the Boston *Investigator* responds: "True, but one cup of muddy coffee has as good a right to be stirred up as another."

THE "WORKING WOMAN."

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES.—I have wondered sometimes at the indifference which otherwise very good and kind women have shown to the tales of "thousands of starving women," told by sensation lecturers, and sensation newspapers, and to the coolness with which they would hear stories of real distress, of which I myself was cognizant.

"My dear," they would say, when my eloquence was exhausted, "I am paying twelve, fourteen, or fifteen dollars per month," as the case might be, "to one, two, three, or more girls, and if I want anything done I have got to do it myself. If I am ever reduced to the condition you speak of, I shall hire out to some unhappy family, and prove a blessing to them."

I am not at all surprised now at the state of feeling at which those women who have had a large experience had arrived. I, myself, have felt something very like it of late, when I have seen business opportunities at which men would rejoice, waiting, waiting, and still waiting for the women with capacity enough to take hold of them. And yet it is not capacity that American women lack, it is *want of habil and training*.

Within three weeks I have seen three fine business opportunities for women go begging. One, as partner in a fancy store, requiring five hundred dollars capital, business established, and success, with the right person, guaranteed. Second, as agent and part proprietor in a new advertising agency, started by women, and which has the control of a large interest, sufficient to ensure success in the hands of industrious and enterprising persons. Third, the superintendence and management of a dress-making business already established, and which requires simply competent ability.

Now, I hope that I have not drawn upon THE REVOLUTION or myself an avalanche of letters from aspiring young ladies who wish in some light and airy way to achieve fame and fortune, or from weak and indigent widows, with six children, who mortgage themselves, knowingly, to a relentless destiny, and find themselves, when the time comes, wholly unable to pay even the accrued interest.

The lesson that the women of to-day have to learn is one of *self-reliance*. The discovery they have to make is of the kingdom within themselves, the claim they have to establish that of their own proprietorships over it.

Think of it, subject born! Think of the glory of coming into possession of your own, of shaping your own destiny by your own will, of finding a mint in the unspoken thought and mother wit which has heretofore only exerted itself to keep some man's head above water! Think of being queen instead of subject, of having something to give instead of a little to take, and you will soon cease complaining and enter upon the work of doing.

WHAT A WOMAN DID, AND WHY.—During the holidays, a few months back, I had occasion, in pursuit of Noah's Arks and other juvenile requirements, to visit several toy-shops. In one of these, as attendant and apparent proprietor, I found a woman, who was also a lady. She had been handsome, and was still young, but she looked dragged and careworn, as she well might, with a fat boy of ten months in her arms, a little girl of less than three years pulling at her dress, and an older girl of seven or eight doing her best to straighten out the articles disarranged by customers.

I entered into conversation with her, and ex-

pressed my surprise at finding a woman of her apparent education and refinement in such a position. She told me that her husband was studying for a physician, that to support the family and enable him to do it, she had undertaken this toy-shop, and, she added, with great pride, "I have succeeded beyond my expectations. I do not intend he shall be ashamed of us either," said she. "When spring comes on, I shall replace my toys with fancy goods and little garments of my own making, and I expect to make enough to set him up as a physician in a respectable quarter, and then when he is established we can join him, and no one will know anything about it."

I said, "Do you think he will realize the sacrifices you are making for him?" She looked at me in simple wonder! She had not thought of sacrifices.

As I left, with my arms laden, I thought, Oh! woman, how great is thy faith, thy sins will always be forgiven thee!

A SUCCESSFUL WOMAN.—There is, among the elite of our city, a lady who has worked out for herself the beginning of a fine artistic reputation. It is the more noticeable, because she has done this alone and unaided. Two years ago, she conceived the beautiful idea which she has so successfully carried out, and, meeting with but little encouragement from any source, she concealed her work even from her husband, until it was completed.

It is a "Book of Flowers," with a poetical expression of their emblems—a union of color and poetry. There were thirty-six flowers, all most exquisitely painted, the colors handled with the most perfect freedom. I have not seen anything in water-colors that surpassed it. The leaves of each flower stand out from the background as if a real leaf had been laid thereon. Every vein and veinlet is copied with the most perfect exactness. The straw-colored ground in the flower of the *Abutillos*, for example, with its red veins delicately traced over the surface, is most perfectly represented.

Then, the transition from flowers to poetry is most natural, and in this book seems like an inspiration. Her next difficulty—or the *real* one—was to find a publisher. She submitted the work to the criticism and judgment of a prominent artist who is well known for his liberal education and great generosity towards all fellow-artists. He was delighted with her work and pronounced it a gem, "but thought it would cost more to publish it than would be realized in the sale of it." A friend then suggested publication by subscription, and the price of a single copy was placed at thirty dollars. The success of these two in obtaining subscribers was so great, that she found herself more than repaid for her labor, with surplus enough to cover the expense of publishing. Her husband (a lithographer) then offered her \$15,000 for her book. It is now in the hands of the publishers, and will be issued in May next.

The book, so far as it goes, takes the same place in the floral kingdom that Audubon's "Book of Birds" has in the dominion of the feathered tribe, with the addition that it savors more of poetry and romance.

HARRIET S. BROOKS, Chicago.

HOW A WOMAN DOES IT.—In the little town of Natick Mass., was inaugurated a Debating Society or Club, at which the male Solons were wont to air their eloquence, during the winter evenings. Among the number was one who, though the husband of a very quiet, refined,

and unpretending woman, was the bitter opponent of "Woman's Rights," and a firm believer in woman's mental inferiority. One evening he came home and related to his wife, in his usual grandiloquent style, his success in combatting the arguments of an opponent, but suddenly stopped to tell her, that the society had received a communication, or essay, from some unknown person, that far eclipsed in literary ability the production of the most gifted of the Club. He was exceedingly anxious to learn who the mysterious person could be; he brought home the manuscript, and never tired in reading it to his wife, eulogized every sentence, and declared that the man who wrote it had a better knowledge of human nature, a finer command of language, gave expression to nobler sentiments, than it had been his fortune ever to have heard before. He remained in a state of profound mystification for some time, when his wife confided to him an important secret—that she had written the essay herself, and gave him the proofs. The revelation had the effect of making him not only a wiser, but a humbler man.

BENNETT.

New York, April 1870.

RUSK, Cherokee County, Texas.

SEEING that you desire all friends to the cause of woman's elevation to send you statements of every successful doing of woman, I would call your attention to a lady of our village who, I think, is eminently worthy to be rewarded by notice even in a paper with the influence and circulation of THE REVOLUTION. Her name is Mrs. Dr. Lucy Wiggins. Without the benefit of an early education, she has, in the face of every difficulty, burst the bonds of her thralldom, and carried with her success in the practice of medicine. She has been derided in every manner by the people of this country—in fact, there is scarcely an epithet that has not been applied to her, in order to discourage her efforts. Yet she has been undaunted; and the "Old Root Doctor," as she has been called, among other things, is now a settled fact in the County of Cherokee. Her charges are always reasonable. Her prices are scarcely more than half of those of others of her profession. She is yet making a good living, besides bringing joy to many a bed of pain. She is now fifty years old, but has lost none of the energy of youth. She speaks of going to Philadelphia next winter to visit a sister who resides there, where she will probably remain, which would be a matter of great regret to many who know and can appreciate her here. I could give you many instances of her remarkable cures, as well as hundreds of certificates of the relieved sufferers, many of whom owe their health and perhaps lives, to her, but I have trespassed on your space enough. Yours respectfully, Mrs. M. N.

"CLAVELACK" INSTITUTE.

THE following facts are *apropos* to your laudable endeavors to gain equal pay for equal labor. Miss E. W., one of my sister teachers in this Institute, and her brother, pursued the same course of study—the usual curriculum of our colleges—each receiving, at the close, the degree of A.B. Both commenced teaching at the same time, he for a salary of \$1,500, she, for \$400 a year. Her department was that of Latin and Greek and required six hours labor daily in the recitation room.

When she left this position with the hope of securing one where the remuneration would be more proportionate to the labor required, one of her pupils, a young man who had given only half the time she had, to the classics, and who lacked the experience she had gained by teaching, succeeded her and received \$800 for fewer hours labor. This difference in salary was due solely to the fact that it is customary to pay a man double or quadruple what is given to a woman for the same work, just as well performed.

This brother and sister each incurred a debt, of about the same amount, to meet their college expenses; he canceled his at the end of his first year's teaching; at the end of four years, spent in teaching, she has just met hers, constantly accumulating with interest. Meanwhile the brother has been able to visit foreign lands, to feast his eyes on the galleries of Dresden, Florence and Rome, to spend delicious hours in the grand libraries of the old world; and now, at home to surround himself with artistic works, which cultivate and please the taste, and aid in making life beautiful. She—she has her hands and head to work with, and her well-

worn text-books to amuse her. This narrative of facts is a mirror in which more than one "sister" will see herself reflected. I do not feel that the gentleman referred to has not well earned all he enjoys; I only wish I had any emoluments to look forward to, even through a vista of many long weary years.

MARY H. S.

BUSINESS PARTNERSHIPS.—The New Firm of Schönhof and Möller (Carl Schönhof and Fanny Möller) have opened a Foreign Book store at No. 40 Winter street, Boston. Mr. Schönhof's brother is one of the editors of the *Neue Zeit*, a German Equal Rights paper, published in this city by Mrs. Wendt.

In Chicago, Miss Adelia Blim, M.D., and Mrs. Amelia A. Johnson have opened a drug store under the best auspices, and with the confidence they have already inspired, in their care, attention, judgment, and accuracy, are certain of success.

MISS LIZZIE J. BARLOW and Miss Della Chapman set type in the office of the Bridgeport (Ct.) *Standard*. There are six or seven men in the same office. Miss Barlow equals, and Miss Chapman excels any of the male compositors, earning from fourteen to sixteen dollars per week, receiving pay at the same rate as the men. Miss Chapman's weekly wages exceed those of any men who set type in the office.

A KENTUCKY WOMAN.—Mrs. Alberti, of Kentucky, has, by her own efforts, established twenty-two Sabbath-schools for the poor and destitute people living among the mountains of that state.

THE WEAKER SEX.—Mrs. Barnum, speaking of crossing the Plains, mentions the fact of strong, muscular men becoming exhausted, and delicate women driving the teams to the end of the journey.

FEMININE INDUSTRY.—A bright example of feminine industry shines forth in the case of the young lady in one of the Biddell (Me.) mills, who is worth at least \$10,000 but who works on, day by day, earning her six dollars weekly.

LADIES ON SCHOOL COMMITTEES.—Ladies have been elected on the school committees in Plympton, Marshfield, and South Scituate, Mass.; and Lawrence, Kansas, is discussing the question of electing women to serve on the school board.

A USELESS ATTEMPT.—A woman in Berlin has devoted her life and means to schemes for the education of the cab-drivers of that city. She desires to make them intelligent enough to be honest.

A WOMAN'S WORK.—The widow of Dr. Bridgman, the learned Chinese missionary, is still living at Shanghai, where she is devoting her efforts to the education of Chinese girls, for whom she is building a large orphanage or school.

AN ACCOMPLISHED PRINTER.—The most beautiful and accomplished girl in Oroville, Cal., is a printer, and she works every day at the case.

NEW YORK CITY WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE ASSOCIATION.

THE principal conversation on Friday afternoon was upon the laws of the state on the ownership of children by the parents. Very many interesting facts were given, illustrating the injustice, and even cruelty of the laws in most of the states, where by legal enactment the father is the proprietor of the children born after legal marriage, and the mother is not considered even a partner in the concern. In all this free country there are but two states that have reached a sufficient degree of civilization to assert by law the right of a mother to her own children. "Fatherhood may be vague and uncertain," said a member, "but, God and Nature declare the mother, even to her shame and misery oft-times, and the law that openly contradicts both God and nature, is a wrong not worthy the name of law."

It is proposed by the society to gather together many striking facts on this subject (now in its possession) into a tract, and send it to the women of the states wherein the circumstances have transpired. Mrs. Kane of 34th street invited the Association to occupy her parlors for an evening entertainment for the benefit of the treasury of the society.

Mrs. Leggett and Mrs. Tucker were appointed a committee to prepare for the entertainment, the time and order of exercises to be announced at the next Friday meeting, which will be held as usual at 140 East 15th st.

B.

HOMES OF THE STRONG-MINDED.

MISSOURI, February, 1870.

DEAR REVOLUTION: Presenting a petition for Female Suffrage to the good dames of this little town in the west (the town comparatively new, yet brim full of ideas of a hundred years ago), many of them echoed their husband's song, "that women had better attend to the household duties, and care for the children, and let the men attend to politics."

Having been favored with the acquaintance, and partaken of the hospitality of many of the "strong-minded" women, I could not help comparing their households with those of my innocent, well-meaning, though weakly dames. It occurred to my mind, that the more knowledge, experience, and common sense a woman has, the better is she able to bring up children, and cook the beefsteaks. The more one knows of important and deeper subjects, the more one knows of little subjects. And a woman who has so little interest in the affairs of her country, that she cares not to keep herself posted about them, had better get herself to a nunnery, as a specimen of the "stale and unprofitable," whose companionship for any length of time must be more interesting to herself than it can possibly be to any one else. I noticed where my dames had intelligent husbands, they generally spent their evenings away from home; if it was because they tired of the old subject of putting up peaches, or failure in the bread, or the gossip about their neighbors' affairs, I know not.

As I have said, I have been favored with an insight into the households of some of our leaders in the cause of Female Suffrage, and let me dwell a moment there, for I appreciate a charming home, and a well-cooked dinner.

First, then, to the den of the Queen of Bears, to the hut of one of the pioneers in the cause, who, of course, rakes brimstone over domestic harmony! who *probably* recommends the growing of beards for women, and who must be *certainly* a coarse specimen, in appearance, of a masculine woman—to the old home of Mrs. Stanton at Seneca Falls.

It is a large cottage house, embedded in the centre of broad grounds, be autifully decorated here with some forest trees, and there with cultivated patches of flowers, arbors of grapes, and farther back a space full of ruddy tomatoes, fresh corn, fat squashes, and all the other accomplishments of a well-regulated vegetable garden. The house, inside, I must confess, is a little different from the generality of houses, sorry as I am to admit it. In the first place, one room seems to look just as well as another, and a stranger would be much vexed in any of them, if the host or hostess would come in before he could get the arrangements in it all settled in his mind. For, in every direction, on the walls, are groups of heads; one of poets, another of philosophers, another of distinguished women, etc., etc.; also there is a profusion of busts, large and small, some of which look like stone, and others are parian. The furniture is old-fashioned, as if they might have had, at least, some of the pieces some time, yet they are fresh-looking, or the room could not have such a scrupulous air of neatness.

However, if there were any difference in the choice of rooms, I preferred the library and nursery—the former possessing a large and well-selected collection of books, the author of two or three of which, bears the name of my lady's husband. This, of course, is a favorite room of both husband and wife, who are here as congenial companions as elsewhere. Yet no less often do we find Mrs. Stanton in the nursery, the headquarters of seven children—five robust, manly-looking boys, and two rosy, interesting girls, all of whom have the same advantages for an intellectual, physical, and moral *bringing up*.

But to the *principal* point: I am almost afraid my country dames will never believe me when I say that the cuisine is conducted on scientific principles, and Mrs. S. is a scientific cook. Better bread, and more savory goodies, one could find nowhere, strange as it may appear. Her canned peaches did not spoil, and her beefsteaks were never tough nor dry, to whomsoever belonged the credit.

And here I have been describing the home, without an allusion to its sunlight, its fascinating influence, its life, in the cordial, soul-radiating, lively and piquant Mrs. Stanton herself, a handsome, matronly-looking lady, brim full and running over with good humor—and withal a well-bred air of refinement, which may be the result of good training, for her mother was an educated lady before her, and her father was an able Judge of the Supreme Court of the State of New York.

But I ask pardon, dear REVOLUTION, for dwelling so long in the old home of only one of our Woman Suffrage leaders. For I have visited Mrs. Davis, and several others, and I would like to have told about them all at once, but now I fear you are tired, and I will postpone the rest until another time.

OREGON—WOMEN MEDICAL STUDENTS.

SALEM, OREGON, 10th March, 1870.

DEAR MISS ANTHONY: Doubtless you have wondered what I've been doing all this long time that I haven't written to tell you of the strong-minded on this western slope. I've been putting some of my pet theories into practice to the no small amazement of the weak-minded of both sexes.

Only think of it, Miss Anthony, the audacity of a "female" attending the medical lectures, "closeted," as Greeley says, for four long months with male students listening to learned male lecturers on the varied phenomena of life, death and disease, going daily to the dissecting table! How much more sensible and proper it would have been to be shut up all winter in the kitchen as women usually are, and then if I got sick, how much more modest withal to send for a male doctor to cure me!

Men have at length got the idea that maternity is the highest duty of women. Now, I ask them to be consistent and allow us the privilege of fitting ourselves for this holy mission. Men know that they never can become successful merchants, mechanics, or mariners without previous instruction; they ought to know as well that women cannot fill this responsible position without the highest culture. The time is coming when school after school will be founded for educating our girls and women in this much neglected, though highly essential branch of woman's learning. Yes, and the glorious time in the near future will be when all colleges will open wide their doors, nobly, justly and generously without a dissenting voice,

as did the faculty of the medical department of the Willamette University, when I asked for admittance. At length the friends of Woman Suffrage in this place begin to show signs of life.

Pursuant to a very unfriendly notice in our daily paper, edited by an old foggy, the friends of Equal Rights met in the Opera House to take preliminary steps towards the formation of a "Woman's Suffrage Association for the state of Oregon."

A committee of fifteen, distributed throughout the State, are to act as an executive board. Mrs. Marion Todd is a prominent woman in the movement. She gave a lecture on the subject of Woman Suffrage to a large audience in the Opera House on the following evening.

Yours,

DR. MARY SAUTELLE.

I am going right to getting more subscribers, and will write again soon.

MARY.

NOTHING DENIED TO LABOR

An ancient philosopher said, "We are here in a theatre, where every one has a part allotted to him. The great duty which lies upon a man is, to act his part in perfection. We may, indeed, say that our part does not suit us, and that we could act another better. But this is not our business, all that we are concerned in is to excel in the part given us. If it be an improper one, the fault is not in us, but in Him who has cast our several parts, and is the great disposer of the drama."

Epictetus, the author of these sentiments, was himself a slave, and it is to be presumed that he meant to advise contentment only with the inevitable. When the cause of justice and right is to be promoted, we should stand ready to aid in their advancement by the offering of thought, work, self-sacrifice in any form. Had all reformers been well satisfied with hollow creeds, and the unjust expression of "powers that be," then religious liberty would never have been our noble heritage.

If Luther, Washington, John Brown, had resisted the convictions of their souls, and refused to work as instruments of a Higher Power, they would have done obvious wrong, not only to God and themselves, but to posterity. The struggle for mastery between good and evil is ever being renewed, not only in every heart, but in the broad arena of the world.

It is the everlasting battle. Each generation varies from the last, having profited to some extent by the victories and accumulated experience of generations past, and the effect is seen in changed laws, creeds, customs. Man outgrows himself, and overthrows that "venerable tyrant," custom.

The moral law alone is written on the tablets of eternity. Like its author, it is the same yesterday, to-day and forever. When any reform has for its foundation the eternal principles of justice, it is sure of success in the end, and will bear unlimited agitation. The shaft of ridicule will fall harmless against a cause grounded in the truth. Woman's capabilities have not yet been fully tested. Her courage has occasionally astonished the world. But who knows how many heroines have died "unhonored and unsung," fighting the battle of life nobly, and conquered only by the inevitable. The world moves faster and faster; every day sees some advancement in woman's social and intellectual position, and many "brothers" by faith in the righteousness and ultimate success of her cause, have aided in its promotion. There are many, how-

ever, still luxuriating in the idea that it is quite as natural for women to maintain that "beautiful allegiance" to the governing power displayed in man, as it is for them to exercise it, individually, as the head of the family, and collectively as law-maker and executive. They forget that all history has substantiated the fact that man loves power in every form, and is ever ready to abuse it as monopolist, slaveholder, despot, unless restricted by wise and righteous laws. These are the men who thought slaves exhibited a peculiar fitness for their situation as such. If so, there seem to be noble elements in their character also which proved them equal to the responsibilities of freedom. Before the day of emancipation came, many were the forebodings of "consequences dire," in the sudden transition from bondage to liberty. Surely, if the ignorant slave has been equal to such a test, and can be trusted with the inalienable right of citizenship, it only remains for educated woman to prove, that in her hands the ballot may be used conscientiously and justly.

Possibly the same class of men scent danger in the effect of too much conscience in political affairs. We often hear the mothers of America exhorted to bring up their sons to a realizing sense of their duties and responsibilities as citizens, not only that, but fit them for those grand possibilities of Senator, even President! At the tomb of Washington's mother, President Jackson said, in closing his address: "Shall there be more men like Washington? Shall our land be peopled with such, or shall there be even enough to rule in the halls of legislation, so that we may become a land blessed with almost millennial happiness? Will the mothers of the land answer?" Is not the teacher supposed to understand that which is taught? Such duties as these must prepare a woman's mind for the expression of her sentiments on vital questions, which may as intimately concern herself as her husband, son, or brother. The peculiar talent of men for many of their avocations may be readily acquired; constant practice makes it what it is. And those excellencies, often looked upon as natural endowments, will, if examined, be found to result from practice and close application, something which women generally know very little of from experience, but which would inevitably make them not only happier, but more useful members of society.

All are by nature free and equal,
'Tis their consent alone gives just dominion.

E. W.

COOK COUNTY, ILL.—A Cook County organization for Woman Suffrage was formed last week in Chicago with the following board of officers:

President—Mrs. Fernando Jones. Vice-Presidents—Mrs. Robert Collyer, Mrs. Richard Somers (Evanston), Rev. C. D. Helmer. Corresponding Secretary—Mrs. C. E. Waite. Recording Secretary—Mrs. S. H. Pierce. Treasurer—Mrs. J. W. Loomis. Executive Committee—Mrs. Rebecca Mott, Mrs. H. W. Fuller, Mrs. Dr. C. D. R. Levanway, Fernando Jones, Miss Thayer (Lake View), Rev. J. M. Reid, Mrs. Jno. Jones, Mrs. Wm. Coker, Dr. S. C. Blake.

The constitution was unanimously accepted and adopted; also these resolutions:

Resolved, 1. That as Universal Suffrage for men has been legally established as the fundamental law of the land, the most important question now before the American people is the establishment of Universal Suffrage for women.

2. That as women are subject to the same constitution and laws as men, and have an equal interest with men in good government, justice, as well as the fundamental principles of republican government, demand

that women shall have an equal voice with men in the enactment and administration of the laws.

3. That we are in favor of an amendment to the constitution of the United States, providing that no distinction shall ever be made on account of sex in the exercise of the elective franchise.

"A GOOD MOVEMENT."

That is what the San Francisco *Pioneer* calls the present efforts to unite the two National Woman's Suffrage Associations. And it goes on to say, what multitudes of others are saying in substance, such good words as these:

We feel confident that this movement will awaken in the minds of our readers, as it did in that of our own, emotions of hope and joy. "Blessed," said the holy Nazarene, "are the peace makers." "Words fitly spoken," exclaimed the Psalmist, "are like apples of gold in pictures of silver." The cause now presents the sorrowful spectacle of a divided house, two national Woman Suffrage societies. These have principles and measures in common. There is no necessity for this unfortunate state of affairs. It should be discouraged. If persisted in it should receive, as it justly merits, the earnest condemnation of those friendly to woman's political enfranchisement. It is possible that this effort for reconciliation will not be crowned with success. It is possible that the leaders of the new organization and the pillars of the old one may defiantly resist these friendly overtures and insist on the work of disintegration. If such shall be the case that party or society which shall either in form or in spirit spurn this appeal, will be shorn of its moral strength, its capacity for doing good, and its ability for mischief will necessarily "grow small by degrees and beautifully less."

NOT GOOD FOR WOMAN TO BE ALONE.—The *Mystic (Mass.) Press*, a brave and bright little journal published by "Hovey Brother's" in Chelsea, in announcing and commending a Woman Suffrage meeting and probable society there, counsels thus:

We beg to suggest to the ladies who have the arrangements in charge, that it be a woman's affair altogether. Let them have a lady to preside, a lady for the ornamental office of secretary, and let their committee, if they have any, be composed mainly or wholly of those whose interests the objects of the movement most directly affect. We believe that the ladies are as capable of conducting a public meeting as their brothers, and it is because we wish to see others convinced of the fact that we want them to do it. We are confident that whatever change in present laws, women choose to demand, will be made, but that so long as they rely upon the efforts of men, their success will be temporary and nominal. The woman question, like every other, shall always have a fair hearing in these columns.

From the beginning it was seen by the Creator that it was not good for man to be alone, and so he hastened to govern himself accordingly. And ever since it has been growing more and more apparent that woman alone, is alike bad economy. The National Woman Suffrage Association last year elected only women to office and it soon went abroad almost universally, that only women were allowed to belong to the organization! and immense mischief was the result, as might have been expected. That the women "are as capable of conducting a meeting, or a movement, as their brothers," is true enough, but both sexes, acting harmoniously together, would do it better than either alone.

WOMEN DON'T WANT TO VOTE.—Two Methodist Conferences sat last week in this city. It was observable that one question only of those that arose excited the interest of woman. On the days upon which it was agitated, their attendance was large. It was that of admitting lay members to the General Conference. Women, together with the male laity, voted numerously on this point last summer in their various churches. As voters, their interest in the sub-

ject was great, and on this occasion they flocked in crowds to learn what the result of the clerical voting would be. This affords an answer to those who think that women would not take the trouble to vote if political suffrage was bestowed upon them. Responsibility naturally creates interest.

THE "SONS AND DAUGHTERS PROPHECY."—Prophecy is fast fulfilling. Mrs. Van Cott is taking the Methodist ministerial work out of the hands of the male ministers by her wonderful success until the men don't know what to do with her any more than men doctors did with women in the time of Henry the VIII, (was it not?) when they were supplanting men doctors by their superior skill in the healing art. And now the papers are introducing another woman Methodist minister, a Mrs. Clark, who has of late been preaching in Connecticut like one anointed from on high. It is said she is now resting after a six weeks' campaign of revival meetings at Thompsonville, Windsor Locks and West Suffield, Ct., and though a woman of seventy-six years, appears as fresh as a rose. She, until recently, called her public ministrations "talking," rather than preaching, but of late she has occupied the pulpit and discoursed from a text. Her husband died years ago. One of their daughters, a Mrs. Everest of Philadelphia, is a painter of note there, and a member of an Episcopal choir, and the late A. N. Clark, the well-known editor of the *Hartford Courant*, was her son.

MORAL INFLUENCE OF WOMAN SUFFRAGE.—Occasionally the *World* adduces powerful arguments for Woman Suffrage. For instance, it was always claimed by the friends of this movement that the influence of woman on politics would be for good and that it would be impossible for utterly corrupt men to hold office when women could vote—and in the *World*, April 11, under the head of "Auspicious Virtue," I find a semi-humorous statement of how the women of Wyoming have had the Secretary of State removed by means of a petition accusing him of drunkenness and licentiousness, and are preparing an attack upon the marshal for similar reason, followed by this comment:

Such being the procedure of the women voters of Wyoming, it rises into a question whether, if female Suffrage become general, we will not have a new amendment to the constitution, to the effect that drink and debauchery shall disfranchise. Fancy a Congress of many women, with power to enforce by appropriate legislation the provisions of that article!

Fancy it, indeed! The picture seems to be an attractive one. If it ever should come to pass that morality should be a requisite for the franchise and above all for office-holding, we shall have made great progress towards the highest ideal of a truly model Republic.

L. D. BLAKE.

COLDWATER, MICH.—Our esteemed correspondent of that place, Mrs. Getchell, writes "that Mrs. Hazlitt of Hillsdale gave an address there last week on Woman Suffrage, the title being, 'To vote, or not to vote,' holding her large audience in the closest attention for an hour and a half." Mrs. Getchell adds: "Mrs. Hazlitt is an eloquent champion in the cause of woman, and Michigan may well be proud of her as its delegate to the anniversary in May."

Mrs. Hazlitt's name was added last week, or the week before, to the list of speakers, and assurances are given that she will be found among the most attractive of the day.

ANNIVERSARY
OF THE
NATIONAL WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE ASSO-
CIATION.

THIS Association will hold its regular annual meeting in COOPER INSTITUTE New York, on Tuesday the 10th of May, next beginning at ten o'clock a.m., and continuing, probably, through Wednesday and Thursday.

The various Woman Suffrage Associations throughout this country, and the Old World, are invited to send delegates to this Convention prepared to report the progress of our movement in their respective localities. And, in order that this annual meeting may be the expression of the whole people, we further ask every friend of Woman Suffrage to consider himself or herself personally invited to attend and take part in its discussions.

With the political rights of woman secured in the Territories of Utah and Wyoming—with the agitation of the question in the various State Legislatures, with the proposition to strike the word "male" from the state constitution of Vermont—with New York, New England and the great West well organized, we are confident that our leading political parties will soon see that their own interest and the highest interests of the country require them to recognize our claim.

The Executive Committee recommend the friends of Woman's Suffrage, everywhere, to concentrate their efforts upon the work of securing a Sixteenth Amendment to the Federal Constitution that shall prohibit any state from disfranchising any of its citizens on account of sex. Therefore, we ask the delegates and friends to come to this May Anniversary with practical suggestions as to how this work shall be done.

The following are among the speakers already secured for the occasion: Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Rev. Olympia Brown, Ct.; E. H. Heywood and Jennie Collins, Mass.; M. Adele Hazlitt, Mich.; Mrs. Frances Minor and Phoebe Cozzens, Mo.; Hon. Henry B. Stanton; Judge Barlow, Cannestota; Josephine S. Griffing, Rev. Phoebe A. Hanaford, Lizzie M. Boynton, Maud D. Molson, Susan B. Anthony, Gen. E. M. Lee, Act. Gov. Wyoming; Hon. A. G. Riddle, Washington; Hon. Jas. W. Stillman, Rhode Island; Col. R. G. Ingersoll, Illinois; Hon. J. M. Scobell, New Jersey; Dr. James C. Jackson, New York; Mrs. Louise H. Dent, New York; Lillie Peckham, Wisconsin; Mrs. M. E. J. Gage, New York; Mrs. Dr. S. Hatheway, Boston; and S. D. Dillaye, Syracuse. The names of other distinguished speakers will be announced as fast as their answers are received.

Communications and contributions for this meeting should be addressed to the Corresponding Secretary.

ELIZABETH CADY STANTON, Pres.
CHARLOTTE B. WILBOUR, Cor. Sec'y,
151 East 51st street, New York.
ERNESTINE L. ROSE, Chw'n Ex. Com.

UNION COLONY.—Mr. Meeker's Colony prospers. The Locating Committee has already purchased 70,000 acres of choice land with refusal of much more on the Denver Pacific Railroad, when needed. Women are already enrolling as colonists. Ralph Meeker, at the *Tribune* office, is secretary, and answers all questions to applicants asking information.

HORACE ON THE FENCE.—Speaking of Woman Suffrage, the New York *Tribune* says that the women may be divided into three classes: 1. Those who really want to vote; 2. Those who really do not want to vote; and, 3. Those who do not care a pin whether they vote or not—and this last class probably outnumber both the others fifty to one.

Men may be divided into three classes: 1. Those who really believe in Woman Suffrage. 2. Those who really do not. 3. Those who really do not know whether they do or not, to which latter class belongs the sage of Westchester County.

NEW AND GOOD MOVEMENT.—New Jersey has begun to do missionary work. A meeting of the Executive Committee of the Cumberland County Woman Suffrage Association was held on Friday, the 1st inst. Arrangements were made for an active campaign in the cause of Woman Suffrage in Cumberland county. Committees were appointed to attend to holding meetings in Bridgeton, Millville, Newfield, Vineland, North and South Vineland, and in every school house on the Vineland tract. Let other states, counties and towns go and do likewise, where the instrumentalities permit.

MRS. D. P. ROBINSON of Blandford, widow of a well-known ordained local preacher of the Methodist denomination, has been chosen on the school committee of that town. The Springfield *Republican* says she can manage a farm or a Sunday school, or teach the art of painting, and will doubtless make a capable school committee woman.

OHIO STATE CONVENTION.—A Mass Convention of the friends of Woman Suffrage in Ohio, under the auspices of the Ohio Woman Suffrage Association, will be held in the city of Dayton, on Wednesday and Thursday, April 27th and 28th. Mary A. Livermore of Boston, Susan B. Anthony of New York, Lizzie M. Boynton and others are announced as speakers.

NEW JERSEY.—Hon. J. M. Scovell has sent us a pamphlet copy of Three Speeches delivered by him in the New Jersey Legislature on the position of that state in the War, on the Union, and on Enfranchisement, handsomely printed by Horace B. Dick, Camden, N. J.

MISS ANTHONY.—She is, as will be seen, to attend the Ohio Convention on the 27th and 28th inst., but her appointments, meantime, have not been sent, and so we are not even in communication with her.

THE ERIE RAILWAY.—Probably no railroad in the country has been so persistently misrepresented as the Erie. Charges of every kind have been brought against its managers. The condition of the road, its accommodations and facilities for travel, have been studiously misstated, and interested parties have filled the public ear with calumnies against it. Every accident or delay—no matter how unavoidable—has been magnified and distorted, and the slightest irregularity has been laid hold of to furnish an argument against the road. For a time these reports had an effect upon the people, and gained their end, that of prejudicing the traveling public against the road. But the tide has turned, and it has at last been discovered that the charges, so persistently made, were unfounded, and calculated to mislead

travellers by inducing them to take other and more circuitous modes of journeying. The fact is, that the public have found, from their own experience, that the Erie Railway, in the comfort and conveniences which it affords to passengers, in safety and reliability, is second to no route from the metropolis to the west. It has spacious and luxurious coaches, furnished with the elegance of a splendid parlor, and supplied with every convenience that even the most epicurean traveller can desire. Its sleeping cars are models of taste and beauty, and offer to the weary traveller a sleeping apartment as near the comfort of a bedroom as railroad journeying will admit. Those who have travelled over the road and satisfied themselves of its advantages are amazed at the attacks that have appeared against it. So far from finding this route less safe, convenient or comfortable than other lines of travel, they agree that in many respects the Erie Railway is superior to any and all of them. It lands the westward bound passenger either at Buffalo, Dunkirk, Cleveland or Cincinnati without change of cars, over a broad gauge track more smooth and comfortable than is afforded by any other route. These facts have at last become apparent.

The slanders circulated by the opposing interests have lost their force, and people now prefer to take this line, being satisfied of its merits as a through route to the West. The reaction is more apparent every day in the increased sale of tickets in all the Central Offices, and the long passenger trains every morning and evening.

The Company has been led by the influx of travel to construct additional sleeping coaches which surpass all hitherto designed in beauty and luxury.

It has become the settled conviction of the public mind that the great National Route between the East and West is the Broad Gauge Erie Railway.—*Rochester Democrat*.

FACTS FOR THE LADIES.—Nearly six years ago I ordered one of your Sewing-machines, and since then I have done with it, not only all the ordinary family sewing, but also all our millinery and mantua making, beside frequently encroaching upon the tailor's peculiar province; and this for a family of eight adults. Several of them are grown, engaged in business or professional life. I have wrought on various kinds of material, from Swiss muslin and silk to heavy beaver cloth and morocco, and have two bed quilts, every stitch in which, piecing, quilting, and binding, was done on the machine. When I purchased, I was a perfect novice, never having worked on any kind of a machine. The agent was miles away, and there were not then, as now, other Wheeler & Wilson Machines near by. Still, though I never had five minutes instruction, I found no trouble in learning myself. It is as completely under my control as the needle in my hand, and has never needed any repairs. Only two needles have been broken. One No. 2 needle did all the sewing, coarse and fine, for ten years. It is indeed our "household pet." It has paid for itself more than once in the sewing-bills which it has saved.
Roxabelle, Ohio. Mrs. M. A. GAGE.

LADIES interested in all questions concerning the elevation of Women, are invited to attend the Conversazione, given by the New York City Woman's Suffrage Association at Mrs. Dr. Hallack's, 140 East 15th street.

LITERARY.

SOCIETY AND SOLITUDE. Twelve Chapters. By Ralph Waldo Emerson. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co.

This book is simply another volume of "Emerson's Essays;" and Society and Solitude no more designate or describe it than would Works and Days; or Labor and Capital; or Words and Deeds. There are in the book twelve genuine Emersonian Essays (and what could any Emersonian ask more?) namely: Society and Solitude; Civilization; Art; Eloquence; Domestic Life; Farming; Works and Days; Books; Clubs; Courage, Success; Old Age. No subject is exhausted, but (begging Mr. Froude's pardon, Mr. Emerson's severest, possibly, justest critic), more is said, and better said on each, than has ever been said before in the same space and time. A Lyceum Lecture of a single hour, and Mr. Emerson rarely exceeds that time, does not admit of elaboration like Blackstone's Commentaries on Law, or Taylor's or Tillotson's on Divinity; but whoever is the true literary chemist can and will distill in that time the essence of all that can or need be done for the thinking portion of man and woman kind. And for that class alone Mr. Emerson really works. And all such, only need be told that Mr. Emerson has given to the world another book, and they will at once govern themselves accordingly.

APPLETON'S JOURNAL for April 16 has a sketch (with portrait) of Professor Charles Robert Darwin, the eminent naturalist, whose remarkable works on the "Origin of Species" have passed through several English and nine foreign editions, including Dutch, French, German, Russian, and Italian. There is also a beautiful, double-page, tinted picture of a southern garden, with description, and much more that is beautiful, useful and entertaining.

EVERY SATURDAY. The April 16 number has a full length portrait of Sir Roderick Murchison, the distinguished geologist, with a brief sketch of his life, and four or five other beautiful and valuable pictures besides. Every Saturday has risen by rapid degrees to rank among the best works of its kind in the world. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co. \$4 a year; 10 cents single number.

HARPER'S BAZAR last week was even more elaborate than usual in illustrations. Spring styles having something to do with it probably. The reading matter, too, was unusually good. "Spittoon" is disagreeable, but its necessity justifies every word, would be ample apology for a thousand such articles, would they do any good to such a manhood as ours has become.

HEARTH AND HOME, last week, was full of architecture, agriculture, horticulture and endless miscellany, original and selected. New York: 37 Park Row. \$4 a year.

Financial Department.

[Under this head, correspondents are responsible for their own sentiments, and not THE REVOLUTION.]

SPECIE AS A CIVILIZER.

As mankind began to emerge from barbarism, one of the first ideas was a medium to represent an exchange of wants. Shells and trinkets were probably the first currency known, then furs and other useful articles. Finally metals became the most durable and convenient, and when governments became organized, they were coined and represented a fixed value. Kings and despots, anxious to have their name and fame rendered more enduring than their deeds, caused their images to be engraved and stamped upon the coins, thus giving to them a nationality.

Coined metals have gained the confidence of mankind, not by their intrinsic value (for gold is really less useful than iron), but because they are supposed to have a fixed and irreducible value. This, however, is a supposition only, for a starving man would, if he had it, give a ton of gold, coined or uncoined, for an ounce of food, if he could get it for no less. Hence the purchas-

ing value of coin diminishes as articles of necessity are scarce, and the real value it possesses represents only the sweat and agony of toil and care that extracted the metals from the rocks.

Again, the value of the precious metals varies with the notions of people. Spanish dollars will purchase in most of the oriental countries twice as much as American or European silver of equal value. The former possesses their confidence, hence showing that confidence is the measurer of their value. Whatever, therefore, will create confidence is really of value, and answers the same purpose as coin.

As mankind become more civilized, they gain a higher point of view upon these questions, and they soon find that while specie answers a barbarous people a good purpose, that it totally fails to answer the higher wants of enlightened nations. Bankers and misers may perhaps declaim against this, but if so, we can easily demonstrate its truth.

The money transactions of our country probably average a billion of dollars daily. This in gold would weigh near 2,000 tons, in silver about 32,000 tons, which multiplied by 300, would make a weight of nearly 600,000 tons of gold or ten million tons of silver necessary to do our whole business for a single year. If we were obliged to handle, examine, count, weigh, and transport this amount the length and breadth of our great land, trade and commerce would speedily come almost to an end. We would execrate such a barbarous currency. Europe and Asia may manage it, perhaps the same as they do travellers, stop them every hundred miles to examine their passports and baggage. Our country will not permit any such clogs upon its enterprise and prosperity. We therefore prefer a more civilized currency.

Singular as it may seem, it is nevertheless true, that the character of a people is controlled by its money more than by any other element. Specie seems to infiltrate through and saturate its possessor with its inert, immovable and lifeless character. Scarcely a man can be found who can resist the stupefying influence it exerts. Let even an enterprising business man receive gold or silver and his impulse is to hide it. Like the servant in the parable, he buries his talent.

Old stockings, pots, chimneys, strong boxes, or some secret place invariably become its receptacle. Thus it crushes and stifles enterprise, and, like the lamp under a bushel, is of little use to any one. Its effect is invariably to make misers and to shrink greatness into littleness.

The individual gives character to the nation. The Emperor of Morocco is said to have three hundred millions hoarded up which was robbed of the christians, centuries since. China four hundred years since forbade the exportation of coin and has studied every art to gravitate the world's silver to itself. She has probably three-fourths of it now. Yet how much better are China and Morocco to-day than though they had not a cent? It has really proved to them a financial Upas.

Very different has it been with us. The twelve hundred millions we have dug from our mines are all gone—spent as soon as earned, and although Europe and Asia may chuckle in having outwitted the Yankees of their hard earned coin, who, we might ask, have been really the gainers? neither Europe nor Asia can show any advantage from it or with it, while we can boast of the vast cities, splendid farms, fleets of sail and steamers, net works of railroads where was a wilderness only twenty or thirty years since.

The great fact is plain to all, that while specie flows eastward, enterprise flows westward, showing their antipodal natures. This demonstration ought to convince us that specie is not essential to our existence, prosperity nor greatness, and that its tendency is to degrade rather than elevate mankind.

Geo. B. Smith.

GREENBACKS VS. BANK NOTES.

THE Cincinnati Gazette says the Chicago Tribune has made the remarkable monetary discovery that, although greenbacks are at a discount, bank notes are at par. And it gives the reason why. It says the value of the greenback note depends wholly upon confidence, and this confidence is measured by the premium on gold. Therefore gold being 111, the greenback dollar is worth but 90 cents. But on the other hand the National Bank note is fully secured by a deposit of bonds, and by a certain amount of assets on hand. By which it comes about, it says, that "the bank note is at par while the greenback is at a discount of 10 per cent." And this is proved again by another process, for it says, "while neither the bank nor the government can legally redeem one of its own promises by tendering another promise of the same kind, the bank can legally redeem its promises by tendering that which the government has declared to be a legal tender. Hence, paradoxical as the fact may seem, the National Bank notes are at par while the greenback is 10 per cent. discount.

And thus it comes to pass that the bank note dollar is at par, while the greenback dollar, in which alone it is redeemable, is worth but 90 cents. This comes from having a financial turn of mind. Mere bankers would never have discovered that they gain ten per cent. by redeeming their notes with greenbacks; but the genius which dives to the bottom principles of money, makes it plain. The conclusion is that we should abolish the greenback notes, which are depreciated, and substitute bank notes which are at par.

The quality of being at par was supposed to be to sell at par. As the bank notes are at par in greenbacks, and the greenbacks at par in bank notes, it would never have been known that there was ten per cent. difference in their market value if the Chicago Tribune had not discovered it. But as, after all, the difference of ten per cent. is wholly metaphysical, we doubt if it can be made a basis for a practical monetary system.

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